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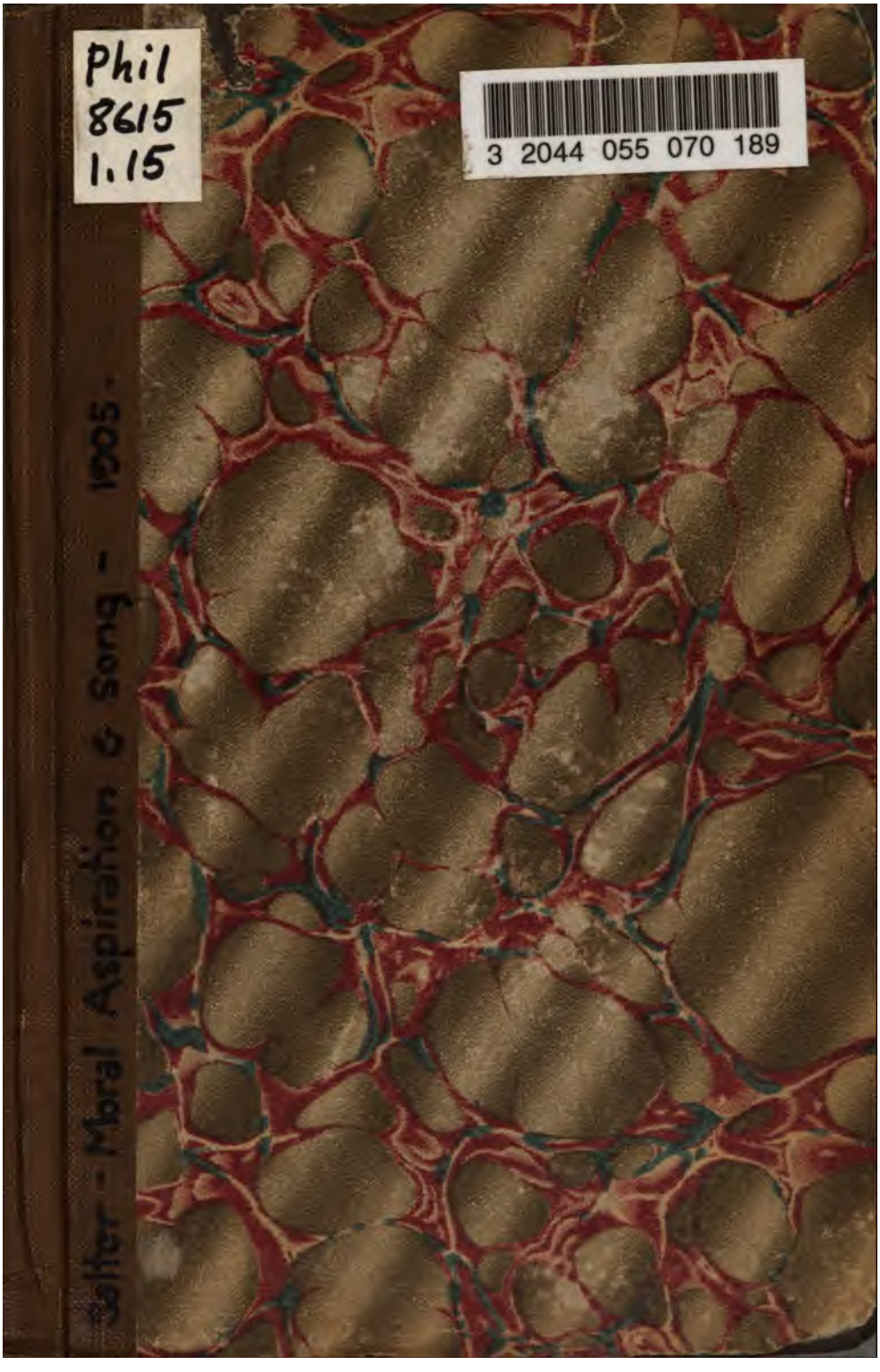
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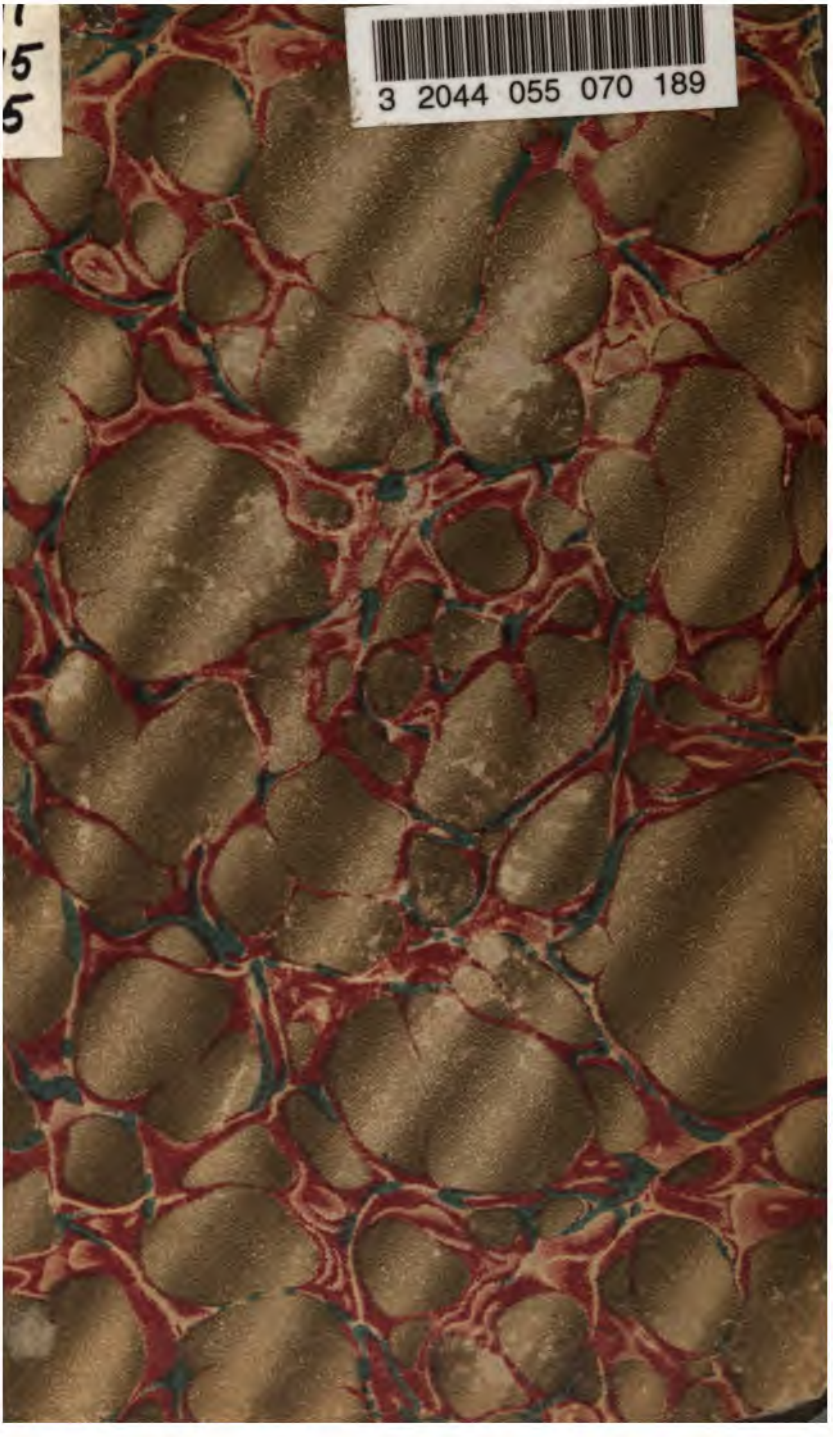
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MORAL ASPIRATION AND SONG

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM MACKINTYRE SALTER

Lecturer of the Society for Ethical Culture
of Chicago

PHILADELPHIA
ETHICAL ADDRESSES, 1415 LOCUST STREET
1905

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Preface

In the main "Moral Aspiration and Song" is an outgrowth of the habits and needs of the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago. Thus far this is the only one of the American Ethical Societies that sings regularly at its Sunday meetings. Our English brothers do better. There all the Societies sing. May we all follow in time, and produce a better collection than this one! Those who would like a larger selection to choose from should use "Ethical Songs," or the "Ethical Hymn Book with Music" (just appearing in London), or Miss E. J. Troup's "Hymns of Modern Thought" (London).

I am much indebted to the pioneering labors of Dr. Stanton Coit and Miss Troup—and particularly to Miss Troup for permitting me to use several of her beautiful tunes. From all living authors of words or music printed here, I have sought permission to use their work, and wish to make grateful acknowledgments to those who have responded.

Other features of "Moral Aspiration and Song" will explain themselves, and, I trust, justify themselves. If in anyway and to any one it is a reminder of higher things or a help in attaining them, I shall be amply rewarded for my pains.

I wish to thank my friends, Miss Hester B. Hall and Mr. Albert Scheible, for valuable counsel in selecting the music and for practical help in preparing it for the press.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

CHICAGO, April 25, 1905.

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For Private Meditation

"Religion, at its best, is not the going to church under the stress of a public sentiment, or of habit. It is not trust in an infinite ally who will bring help in the struggle with rivals or enemies. It is not the seeking to escape from an outward hell, or to reach an outward heaven. It is the love of what is actually divine and the yielding one's self to be its instrument." [1]

"The new study of the Sanskrit has shown us the origin of the old names of God—Dyaus, Deus, Zeus, Zeu pater, Jupiter—names of the sun, still recognizable through the modifications of our vernacular words, importing that the Day is the Divine Power and Manifestation, and indicating that those ancient men, in their attempts to express the Supreme Power of the Universe, called him the Day, and that this name was accepted by all the tribes.

"The days are ever divine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension and of the greatest capacity of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant, friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away." [2]

"Consideration is half conversion. It is for want of thinking that we are undone." [3]

"O man, search out and purify thy thought!
For if thou thinkest evil, be thou sure
Thy acts will bear the shadow of the stain;
And if thy thought be perfect, then thy deed
Will be as of the perfect, true, and pure." [4]

"It behooves us to know that a principle can hardly establish itself with a man, unless he every day utters the same things, hears the same things, and applies them withal to his life." [5]

"There is no clock, however good, but must be continually wound up." [6]

"Can a man help imitating that with which he holds reverential converse?" [7]

"If in the morning I hear of the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy." [8]

"Awake! my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To make thy morning sacrifice.

"Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For death as well as life prepare." [9]

"Let never sleep our drowsy eyelids greet,
Till we have pondered each act of the day:
'Wherein have I transgressed? What have I done?
What duty shunned?'—beginning from the first,
Unto the last.—Then grieve and fear for what
Was basely done; but in the good rejoice." [10]

"Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit saith to the man, 'How is it with thee? thee personally? Is it well? Is it ill?'" [11]

"Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men." [12]

"Society gains nothing while a man not himself renovated attempts to renovate things about him." [13]

"The disease of men is neglecting to weed their own fields and busying themselves with weeding the fields of others." [14]

"True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart." [15]

"What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed?" [16]

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." [17]

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" [18]

Life is often a strange and perplexing thing, and the one thing that stands out clear, the star that shines in the darkest night, is that we can do our duty in it. Take comfort in that.

"To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who

dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our soul—these are the beliefs that make for happiness." [19]

"A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole." [20]

> "To veer, how vain! on, onward strain,
> Brave barks, in light and darkness, too,
> Through winds and tides one compass guides,
> To that and your own selves be true." [21]

"To fear death, citizens, is nothing at all but to think you are wise when you are not wise—to think you know what you do not know. For no one knows what death is, or whether it may not be the greatest of all goods to men; yet do they fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils; and what is this but the same old disgraceful ignorance—that of thinking you know what you do not know? Now I, citizens, do perhaps differ from most men in this respect, and if I might claim to be wiser than any one else it would be in this: that, not knowing much about the things of the world below, I am convinced that I do not know; but that it is wicked and shameful to do wrong and disobey any one, whether God or man, who is better than yourself, this I do know." [21a]

"My soul, be thou covered with shame! Thy life is well-nigh gone, and thou hast not yet learned how to live." [22]

"Nothing keeps a man from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both." [23]

"No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love and desire to continue in and make no effort to escape from." [24]

"We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers." [25]

"Not in the heaven, O man, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself in the clefts of the mountains, wilt thou find a place where thou canst escape the effect of thine own evil actions." [26]

"Nothing is sinful to us outside of ourselves,
* * * * * * * * *
If we are lost, no victor else has destroyed us,
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night." [27]

"Wouldst thou"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!" [28]

"We know that all great things are hazardous, and, according to the proverb, beautiful things are indeed hard of attainment." [29]

"No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good." [30]

"If necessity breeds no heroism, the people are not worth their own redemption." [31]

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great

man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." [32]

"Sin is not a monster to be mused on, but an impotence to be got rid of. All thinking about it, beyond what is indispensable for the firm effort to get rid of it, is waste of energy and waste of time." [33]

"It is wrong to believe that loftiness of soul is governed by loftiness of desire or dream. The dreams of the weak will be often more numerous, lovelier, than are those of the strong; for these dreams absorb all their energy, all their activity. The perpetual craving for loftiness does not count in our moral advancement, if it be not the shadow thrown by the life we have lived, by the firm and experienced will that has come into close kinship with man." [34]

"One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves." [35]

"Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

"But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

"Faith's meanest deed more favor bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,

Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade." [36]

"There are those who make themselves rich, yet have nothing; there are those who make themselves poor, yet have great riches." [37]

"The holy man hoards not. The more he does for others, the more he owns himself. The more he gives to others, the more he acquires himself." [38]

"To quicken but not to own, to make but not to claim, to raise but not to rule, this is called profound virtue." [39]

"We have no right to think of a heaven for others, and less for ourselves, until we are wholly determined to make this world a heaven for our fellow-workmen." [40]

"Let no man touch the great interests of humanity who does not strive to sanctify himself for the work by cleansing his heart of all wrath and uncharitableness, who cannot hope that he is in a measure baptized into the spirit of universal love. Even sympathy with the injured and oppressed may do harm, by being partial, exclusive, and bitterly indignant." [41]

"Holiness is an infinite compassion for others; greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; happiness is a great love and much serving." [42]

"There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going cross-lots; you have got to go the regular turn-pike road." [43]

"Whilst every man can say I serve, to the whole extent of my being I apply my faculty to the service of man-

kind in my especial place—he therein sees and shows a reason for his being in the world, and is not a moth or incumbrance in it." [44]

"Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love; but you cannot deal with men without it, just as men cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men. It cannot be otherwise, because natural love is the fundamental law of human life. It is true that a man cannot force another to love him, as he can force him to work for him; but it does not follow that a man may deal with men without love, especially to demand anything from them. If you feel no love, sit still, Nekludoff thought; occupy yourself with things, with yourself, with anything you like, only not with men. You can only eat without injuring yourself when you feel inclined to eat, so you can only deal with men usefully when you love. Only let yourself deal with a man without love and there are no limits to the suffering you will bring on yourself." [45]

"It is small thanks to thee to give to the poor some leavings, when thy belly is first glutted with as much as the appetite desired. This costeth thee nothing: a swine will leave that to another which he cannot eat. But if thou wilt a little pinch thy flesh, or deny thyself, and live more sparingly and thriftily, that thou mayest have the more to give to the poor, this is commendable indeed." [46]

"Thou sayest, 'When I have enough I will relieve the distressed.' How I pity thee! Thou wilt never relieve them." [47]

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern." [48]

Preludes

I.

We gather here this morning to lift our thoughts above the ordinary cares and anxieties of life, to feel the truths that we are all too apt to forget, to gain those impulses that will tend to make us truer and better men and women. May this meeting serve this high purpose!—and to this end, let us endeavor to collect our minds, banishing from them trivial and ignoble thoughts, and opening them to receive whatever of truth or gracious influence may be communicated.

II.

We are here once more for an hour of thought and reflection. We are here to turn the eyes inward, to examine ourselves, to see how it stands with us before truth and duty. Life has its graver and its gayer moments, and both may be good for us. An ancient writer even said that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for the heart was made wiser thereby. From turning our thoughts on evil we may gain a new love for the good and a new resolve to make it more absolutely the aim of our lives. May the significance of human life be brought home to us this morning, may its opportunities and its responsibilities be felt afresh, and a sacred cheer be spread abroad in our hearts.

III.

"Think of each day as in itself a life, and say each morning, 'I wake to do the work of a man.'"

"Let this day's performance of duty be thy religion."

Such sentences as these reflect the spirit in which we would wish to live. To keep our minds on the higher level, to sustain our wills that so easily falter, to remind us, inasmuch as we easily forget—this is a part of the help which these weekly gatherings should give to us. Too readily does the true significance of our lives drop out of our thoughts, too easily do we think that getting and spending are the chief things which we must concern ourselves for—may we be helped to-day to remember that the chief thing is that in all circumstances we preserve the attitude and do the work of a man.

IV.

The higher life of man is made up of his higher impulses, his higher thoughts, his higher strivings. We all must live and we must work (or some one must work) to procure for us the means of living. But this physical life is not its own end. It is not enough to eat and drink and sleep, to labor and amuse ourselves. In this way we may keep the body fresh, but the body is the servant of the soul. When we think, when we search after truth, when we aspire to bring our lives into harmony with the best that we know, when we wish to put ourselves in league with all the better and nobler forces of the world, then we are most truly ourselves, then we become aware how great are the heights and how rich are the rewards of living. May we enter into this higher life of the spirit

to-day, may we in the brief time of our being together here give a welcome to all good thoughts, to all generous impulses, and may they stay with us and more and more make their abode with us, so that gradually, little by little, our lives shall be transformed and transfigured by them.

V.

We gather here this morning, not, I trust, from mere habit or from mere curiosity, but because we desire to know what is truth and what is duty. We are here to give that higher nature, which is too apt to slumber under the pressure of our ordinary cares and occupations,—air and light and nourishment. The supreme meaning of life is in our search after truth and in our effort to follow and obey. May this higher purpose be quickened in us to day, may we desire anew to live the life of reason, and to rise above a life of prejudice. Ever as we see, may we be ready to do, and may charity go with us always.

VI.

The dignity of man lies in the fact that he can stand for principles in the world—that he need not follow his interests or his passions or his prejudices, but can care above all else for truth, for justice and for love.

And yet the question must ever arise, Are we doing so?

To bring us face to face with such a question, to lead us to see our faults and yet to nerve us to rise above them, to win us to generous thoughts, to brave thoughts and to all fair resolutions, to make us aspire to take no unworthy part in the struggle that is ever going on in

the world between truth and falsehood, between what is noble and what is base—is a part of the object of an Ethical Society.

May this object be fulfilled in some measure here to day.

VII.

One of the world's great men of science, now gone to his rest, spoke of a possible church "in which week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of truly just and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life, which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity." [49]

It is such a place that we wish to have here. We ask no one to come for entertainment; we wish none to come with light or trivial thoughts. But we do desire to make this a resting-place and a breathing-place for the souls of men. We invite all who wish to live the higher life to come. We invite all who wish to find a meaning for their existence beyond getting and spending to come. We invite all who wish to live in the light of to-day, all who are unwilling to forget their convictions in order to conform to popular usages, all who wish to be true to their intellectual selves, to come. We invite all who wish to be nourished and inspired and consoled in their efforts after the betterment of humanity to come.

"To cloisters of the spirit
These aisles of quiet lead:
Here may the vision gladden,
The voice within us plead!

* * * * * * *

Here be no man a stranger;
No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted
Not good for all the land." [50]

VIII.

With most men the impulses to good, the visions of higher things, come by fits and starts. In their better moments, they range themselves on the side of right, they think they could even sacrifice something to be true to it; but these moments are infrequent, and before they know it they have slipped away into the usual habit and temper of their lives. It is to increase the frequency of these more gracious moments, to cultivate our better impulses, to help make them regular and dominating factors in our lives, that we regularly assemble here. May what is good and true seem near and real to us to-day, may we reach after it and welcome it to our minds, may fresh force be added to the nobler energies of our being.

IX.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." [51]

So did an unknown voice cry many centuries ago; and in a similar spirit, even if not in the same language, a cry may arise from our hearts to-day. To be willing to have

the even tenor of our lives disturbed, to be willing to search and try ourselves, to be jealous of the possibility of any evil lurking within us, to wish to go entirely in the way of truth, the way of right, the way everlasting, is a part of the very meaning of morality.

As we gather here this morning, may serious thought take possession of us, may we be willing to see the truth, may we realize afresh our responsibility and our calling as moral beings, and may our inward resolutions to do and dare and deny ourselves in behalf of the great interests of mankind grow and deepen.

X.

We gather in this place to get what insight and inspiration we can for our daily lives, and then go back to do our duty in them. Life is not without its stern realities, and it behooves us to look into them, to face them not only in action but in the hour of thought, to see what might be changed in them and to contemplate manfully what we cannot change. Man is at once free and not free in the world. He cannot change nature, nor the laws of nature, nor the laws on which human happiness and safety are founded; nor can he alter the past; but the present is more or less in his power and the future is, and he can study out the laws of life and happiness and bring his conduct into harmony with them. To us all is given some power to determine our own fate and the destiny of society. To keep this fact before us, to emancipate us from the discouragements of the moment, to feed the energy and the purpose that would gradually turn life into paths of more beauteous order, is one of the purposes and high privileges of these Sunday meetings.

XI.

To know the right and wrong of things, and as we know, to give heed and to do is one of the higher aims of human existence. And yet to know the right and wrong of things in our own time, to judge wisely and truly of the tendencies amid which we live, is not always easy. We have to open our minds, to look for light from all sides, to try to see the good and avoid the evil in every movement of our day. We are not spectators in life merely; we must be actors—let us strive always to act wisely, nobly, in the spirit of universal justice and love.

XII.

"The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." [53]

"It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another." [54]

"Thou shalt not say, I will love the wise, but I will hate the unwise. Thou shalt love all mankind." [54]

"As a father stands in the midst of his household, and says, 'What is best for my children?' So we are to stand in the world and say, 'What is best for my brotherhood?'" [55]

In the spirit, I trust, of such sentences as these we are gathered together here to consult for the interests of our community. In a true and living community, the disadvantage or the injury of one is the concern of all, and the strength of the strongest wraps around the feebleness of the least. We do not live to ourselves alone nor can we care for ourselves alone; we belong to a larger whole, we are citizens, we are men—and nothing that

concerns man, nothing that affects the honor or shame of the community, ought to seem foreign to us. May a serious mood, a spirit of earnest thought, pervade this assembly to day!

XIII.

Ethics is co-extensive with the whole interests of humanity. An Ethical Society must lead us out of ourselves and fill us with concern for the lot of those who are having an unequal struggle in the battle of life. May deep and earnest thought as to our duty be stirred to-day.

XIV.

The ethics this Society stands for includes devotion to the public good. Here we are in this city called———in this land called———and an Ethical Society should inspire us to bring great principles to bear here. We should learn to look beyond ourselves, our business and our private cares, and ask what is good for the community, for the country, yes, for the world. May high and unselfish thoughts be stirred here to-day, may clearer views of duty be gained, and may resolves be strengthened to strive for justice and the universal good.

XV.

Sunday is one of the beneficent institutions that has come down to us from the past. On it labor ceases, mankind gives up its restless pursuit of gain—it furnishes to all (or should) rest for the body and an opportunity for the mind to think on higher things. What question can there be that men need it? How fast we live. How absorbed we become in seeking the means of life, and

how apt we are to forget the ends of living. How little chance we have to survey our being's whole and note whither we are tending. It is to encourage serious thinking that these meetings are held, to make men feel the deeper problems of life, to quicken the sense of duty, to nurse the aspiration after the best and highest things. May the hour we spend together now be rich in blessing to us.

XVI.

Ideas, is has been said, are often but "poor ghosts; they pass athwart us in thin vapours and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with its conflicts, its faith and its love. Then their presence is a power, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame." [56] Happy are we when we know such souls, and when we can recall them though they have passed from earthly sight! We benefit ourselves in remembering them; in honoring them we do honor to our own deeper needs and better possibilities. As we bring before us to-day the image of one who lived and labored for the true and the good, may our hearts be kindled afresh to all high aims!

Responsive Readings

I.

The Praises of Things.

All waters, the fountains, and those flowing down in streams,
Praise we.
All trees, the growing, adorned with tops,
Praise we.
All living creatures, those which live under the water, and those which fly through the air, and all beasts and cattle,
Praise we.
All lights, showing man the way,
Praise we.
All stars, the moon, and the sun,
Praise we.
The whole earth,
Praise we.
The whole heaven,
Praise we.
All is good in its place and season.
We bless all, and rejoice that we live in a world so great.[87]

II.

Winter.

The cold cometh out of the North,
From the storehouses of the snow;
The earth groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together.
The wild beasts go into their dens,
And abide in their caverns.
The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.

By winter's breath ice is formed,
And the broad waters become narrow.
The snow falleth like wool;
The hoar-frost is scattered like ashes.
The stormy winds blow,
The cold pierceth and biteth.
Nature changeth her times and seasons;
She maketh the summer and the winter.
For everything there is its own season,
A time appointed for everything under the heavens.
And all things work together for good;
We accept all and rejoice.[66]

III.

The Midwinter Festival (Christmas).

Praise to our bright, heavenly brother, the Sun!
He gives us the light by which to guide our feet.

He sinks to rest only to rise again;
Through clouds and darkness he goes on in his appointed path;

He goes far away only again to come near;
He grows feeble only to renew his strength;

He is an image of immortal youth;
Though old he is still fresh and strong.

Gratefully we remember our great brother on this day;
All seasons testify to him and all that lives depends on him.

The flowers of the spring-time look up to him;
The birds sing when they feel his warm rays.

He cheers our hearts and sustains our bodies;
We bless and praise our mighty helper and friend.

We praise and bless also our brother men who have brought light into the darkness of life;
Gratefully we remember those who have taught us how to live, how to die, how to suffer and dare.

We remember all apostles of love, all martyrs for the right;
We honor all who have given courage and hope to mankind;

We bless all who have spoken of the soul,
All who have taught that the soul's life was man's true life.

We revere the name of Buddha on this day,
We revere the name of Socrates,

We revere the name of Jesus, Son of Israel, Son of Man,
Jesus who called men to be perfect,

Jesus who summoned men into the kingdom of heaven,
Jesus who was true to his vision and his faith to the end,

Jesus who lived in love and died in love.
We would be like him;

We would follow all the light that has been given to mankind;
The life of the soul we would live now;

Beyond eating and drinking, we would seek the highest things;
We would live in love—and die in love.

IV.

The Festival of the Spring (Easter).

All things pass and man passes,
But the living energy of the universe abides forever.
After darkness comes the light,
After winter the spring,
Out of death life arises,
And new things are ever born out of the great womb of time.
We praise the world which is continually renewed;
We bless the mighty fountains of our own life.
The air about us and the springing grass beneath our feet,
The old bare trees sending out their tiny buds,
The birds flying and singing through the air,
All palpitate with joy.
We, too, would join in the festival,
Our hearts would sing the praises of things.

Praised be our brother the Sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light;
Fair is he and shining, with very great splendor.
Praised be our sister the Moon, and the Stars;
They are set clear and lovely in the heavens.
Praised be our brother the Wind, and Air, and Cloud, calms and all weather;
By these all creatures are upheld in life.
Praised be our sister Water;
She is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.
Praised be our brother Fire;
By him light is given us, and he is bright and pleasant, very mighty and strong.
Praised be our mother the Earth;
She doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.
Praised be all those who pardon one another for love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation;
Blessed are they who peaceably shall endure.
Praised be our sister Death;
From her no man escapeth.
Unhappy is he who dieth in sin, selfish and hard;
Happy and blessed he who dieth, as he hath lived, full of love to all mankind.
O may love rise afresh in our hearts now!
May love have a new birth among all people!
May humanity be richer because we have lived,
And even in dying may we serve it![59]

V.

A Hymn of Gladness.

For the life that has been given us; for the great boon of existence in this wonderful world,

We are glad.

For such measure of health and strength as we possess, for hearing and sight, and the use of all our senses,

We are glad.

For the friends yet near us, and for the dear ones who are gone;

for their love, and for the happy power to love and honour them in return,

We are glad.

For the power to relieve the wants of others, to mitigate some of their sorrows, and right some of their wrongs,

We are glad.

For the order of the world; for sun, and moon, and stars and sea; for clouds and mountains, and running waters,

We are glad.

For the fruits of the summer and the autumn's store, for winter's frost and the ever-renewing miracle of spring; for the day in its brightness and the night in its calm, and for soft twilight hours,

We are glad.

For the stately trees of the forest, and for the flowers which bloom over all the earth,

We are glad.

For the sweet-singing birds; for all the creatures which fill earth and air and sea with their innocent happiness,

We are glad.

For the special gifts given to the race of man; for speech and writing, whereby the souls of the living and dead commune together; for science and art and poetry,

We are glad.

For the inspiration that has visited the good and wise of every age and clime, that lifted the souls of Hebrew prophets and that glorified Jesus,

We are glad.

For the joy that comes to us when we follow conscience, for the sorrow and pain that overtakes us when we are deaf to it, yes, even for the remorse that comes when we willingly disobey and defy it,

We are glad.

For the hope of a better future for the world, when the lessons of experience will be learned and all men will love and worship the right,

We are glad.

We lift our thoughts thitherward now, in spirit we "join the great march onward;" and so though the goal is far away, and though much wrong lingers in the world and in ourselves, still

We are glad.[60]

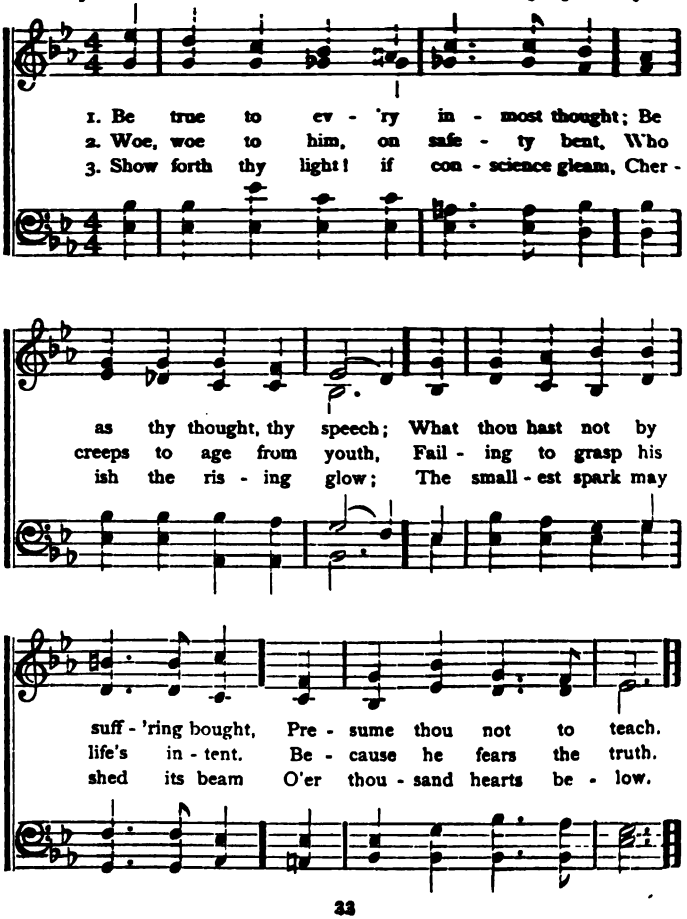
VI.

Remembrance of the Great and Good.

Who shall be called great upon the earth?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
He that hath not inclined his soul to falsehood, nor spoken deceitfully,
He that hath served his country and mankind.
Let us call to remembrance the great and good,
Who in times past have wrought righteousness:
Leaders of the people by their judgment,
Giving counsel by their understanding,
Wise and just in their example,
Bravely maintaining liberty and right.
Their bodies are mingled with the earth,
But their name liveth forevermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
And assemblies of men will show forth their praise.
For the memorial of virtue is immortal,
It draws to itself the love and admiration of men.
When it is present mankind take example of it;
When it is gone they desire it.
It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever;
Yea, blessed is the memory of the just,
For they rest from their labors,
And their works do follow them.
Wherefore, seeing we have such examples before us,
Let us lay aside every weight and cumbering sin,
And let us run with patience
The race that is set before us.
And whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are elevated,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report,
Whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise,
Let us think on all these things.[21]

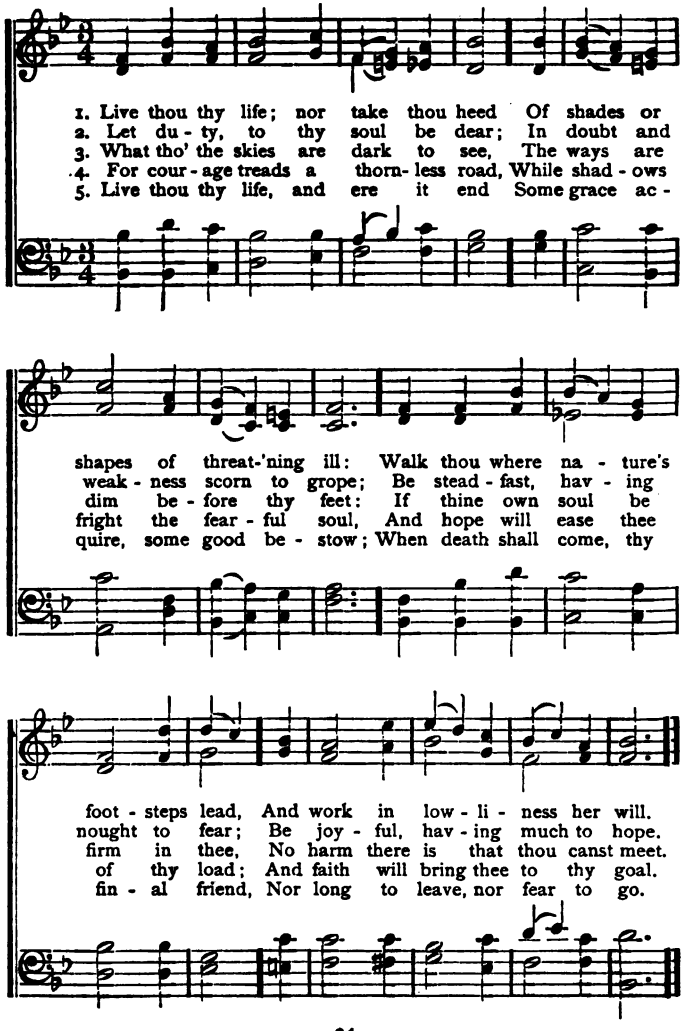
SONGS.

Fear not the Truth.

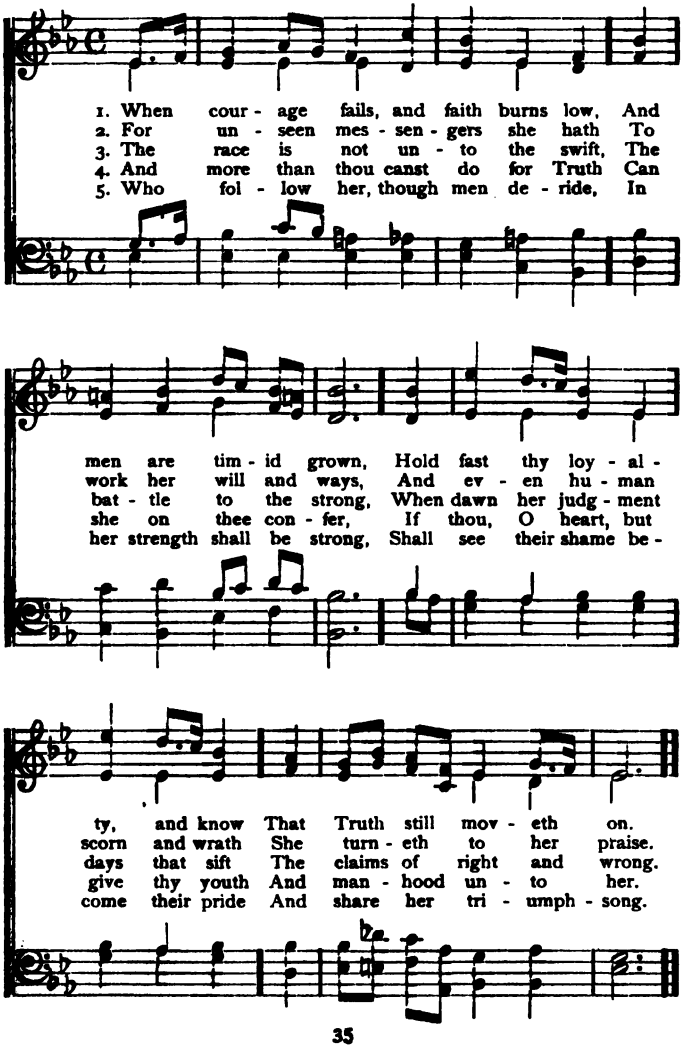
Henry Alford. Joseph Barnby.

1. Be true to ev - 'ry in - most thought; Be
as thy thought, thy speech; What thou hast not by
suff - 'ring bought, Pre - sume thou not to teach.
2. Woe, woe to him, on safe - ty bent, Who
creeps to age from youth, Fail - ing to grasp his
life's in - tent. Be - cause he fears the truth.
3. Show forth thy light! if con - science gleam, Cher -
ish the ris - ing glow; The small - est spark may
shed its beam O'er thou - sand hearts be - low.

Live Thou Thy Life.

Arthur Symons. **From Beethoven.**

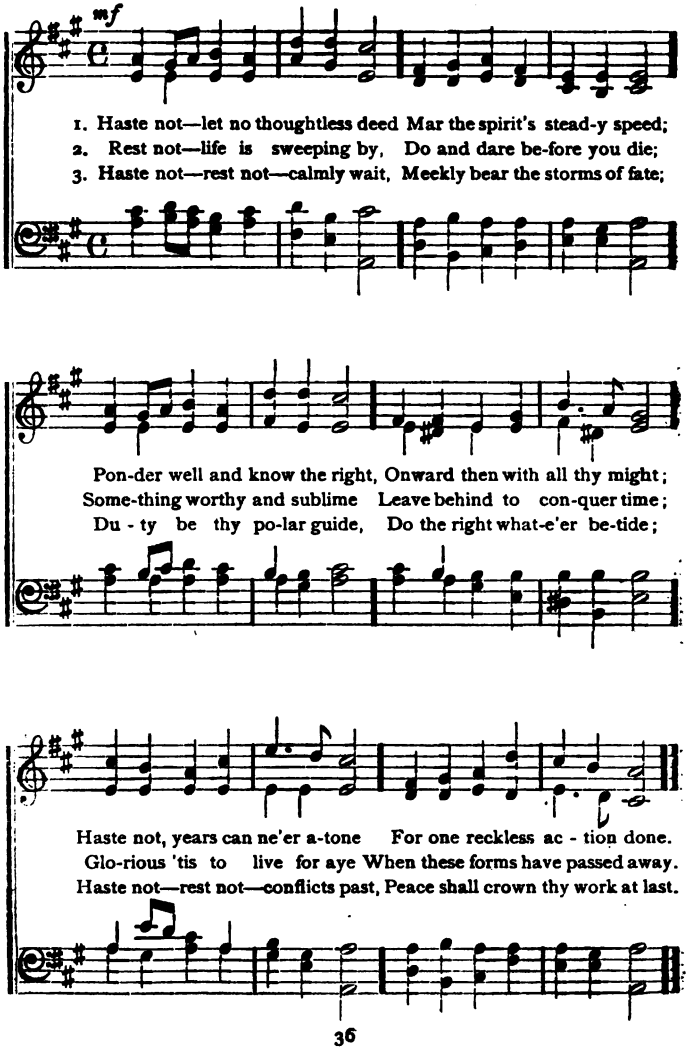

1. Live thou thy life; nor take thou heed Of shades or
2. Let du - ty, to thy soul be dear; In doubt and
3. What tho' the skies are dark to see, The ways are
4. For cour - age treads a thorn- less road, While shad - ows
5. Live thou thy life, and ere it end Some grace ac -
shapes of threat-'ning ill: Walk thou where na - ture's
weak - ness scorn to grope; Be stead - fast, hav - ing
dim be - fore thy feet: If thine own soul be
fright the fear - ful soul, And hope will ease thee
quire, some good be - stow; When death shall come, thy
foot - steps lead, And work in low - li - ness her will.
nought to fear; Be joy - ful, hav - ing much to hope.
firm in thee, No harm there is that thou canst meet.
of thy load; And faith will bring thee to thy goal.
fin - al friend, Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

Hold Fast Thy Loyalty.

F. L. Hosmer. Slightly altered. Burrows.

1. When cour - age fails, and faith burns low, And
2. For un - seen mes - sen - gers she hath To
3. The race is not un - to the swift, The
4. And more than thou canst do for Truth Can
5. Who fol - low her, though men de - ride, In
men are tim - id grown, Hold fast thy loy - al -
work her will and ways, And ev - en hu - man
bat - tle to the strong, When dawn her judg - ment
she on thee con - fer, If thou, O heart, but
her strength shall be strong, Shall see their shame be -
ty, and know That Truth still mov - eth on.
scorn and wrath She turn - eth to her praise.
days that sift The claims of right and wrong.
give thy youth And man - hood un - to her.
come their pride And share her tri - umph - song.

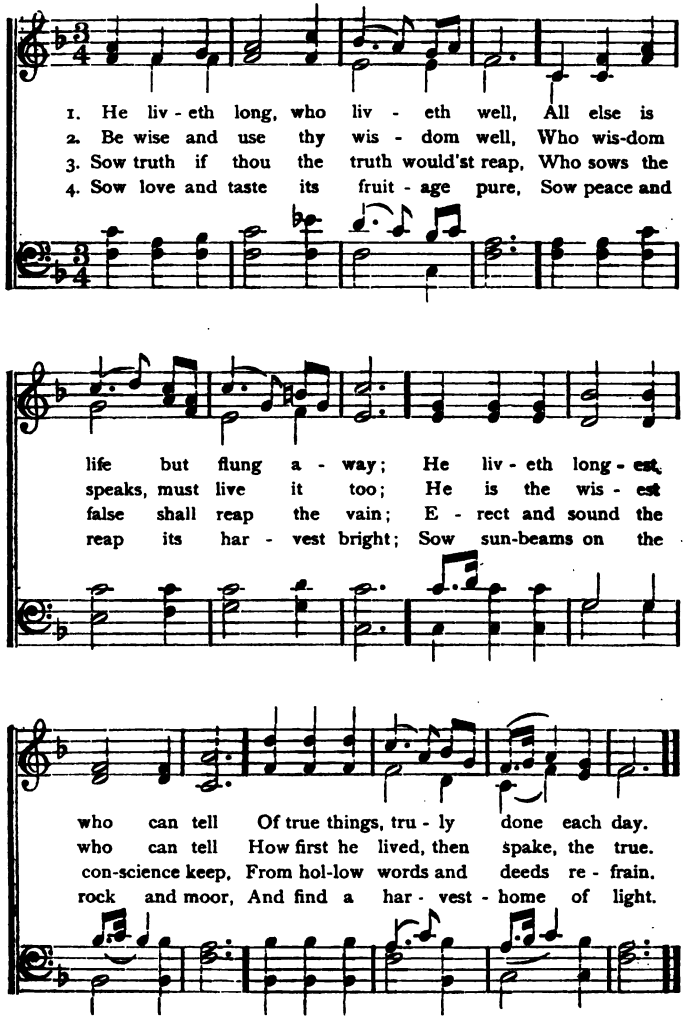
Without Haste, Without Rest.

After Goethe. German.


mf
1. Haste not—let no thoughtless deed Mar the spirit's stead-y speed;
2. Rest not—life is sweeping by, Do and dare be-fore you die;
3. Haste not—rest not—calmly wait, Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Pon-der well and know the right, Onward then with all thy might;
Some-thing worthy and sublime Leave behind to con-quer time;
Du - ty be thy po-lar guide, Do the right what-e'er be-tide;
Haste not, years can ne'er a-tone For one reckless ac - tion done.
Glo-rious 'tis to live for aye When these forms have passed away.
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past, Peace shall crown thy work at last.

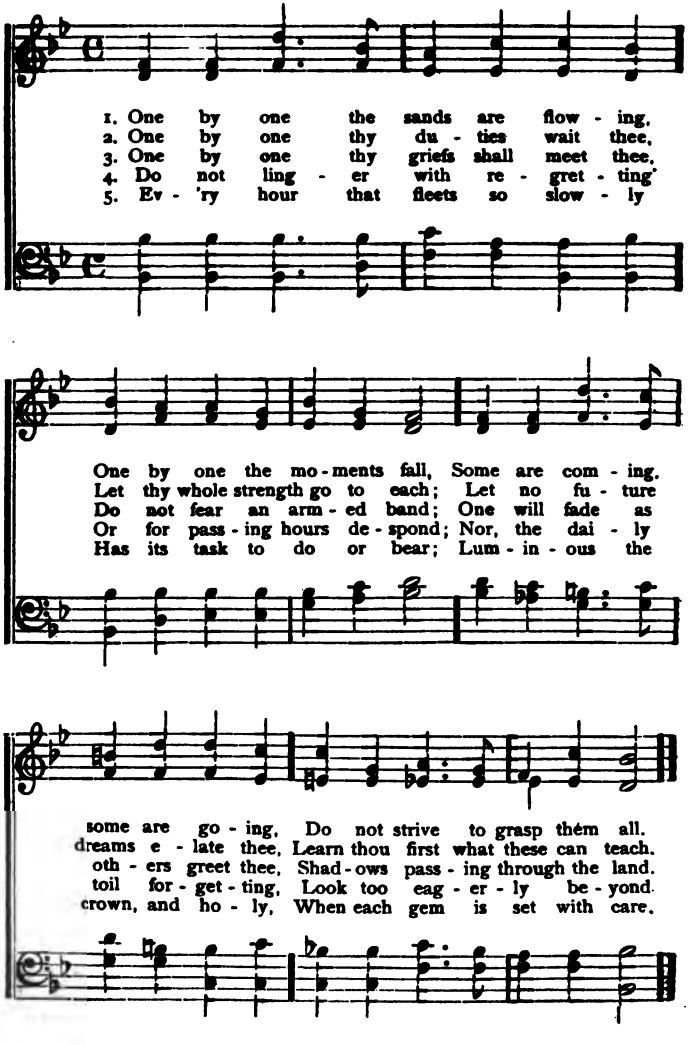
He Liveth Long, Who Liveth Well.

Horatius Bonar. Rossini.


1. He liv - eth long, who liv - eth well, All else is
2. Be wise and use thy wis - dom well, Who wis-dom
3. Sow truth if thou the truth would'st reap, Who sows the
4. Sow love and taste its fruit - age pure, Sow peace and
life but flung a - way; He liv - eth long - est,
speaks, must live it too; He is the wis - est
false shall reap the vain; E - rect and sound the
reap its har - vest bright; Sow sun-beams on the
who can tell Of true things, tru - ly done each day.
who can tell How first he lived, then spake, the true.
con-science keep, From hol-low words and deeds re - frain.
rock and moor, And find a har - vest - home of light.

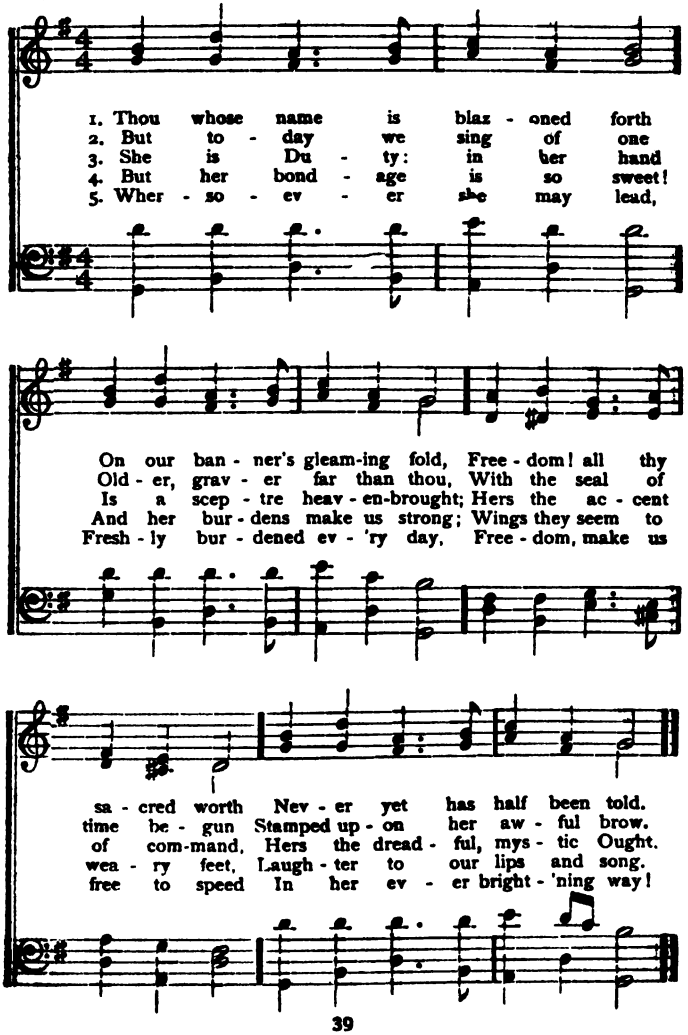
One by One.

Adelaide Anne Procter. T. A. Willis.

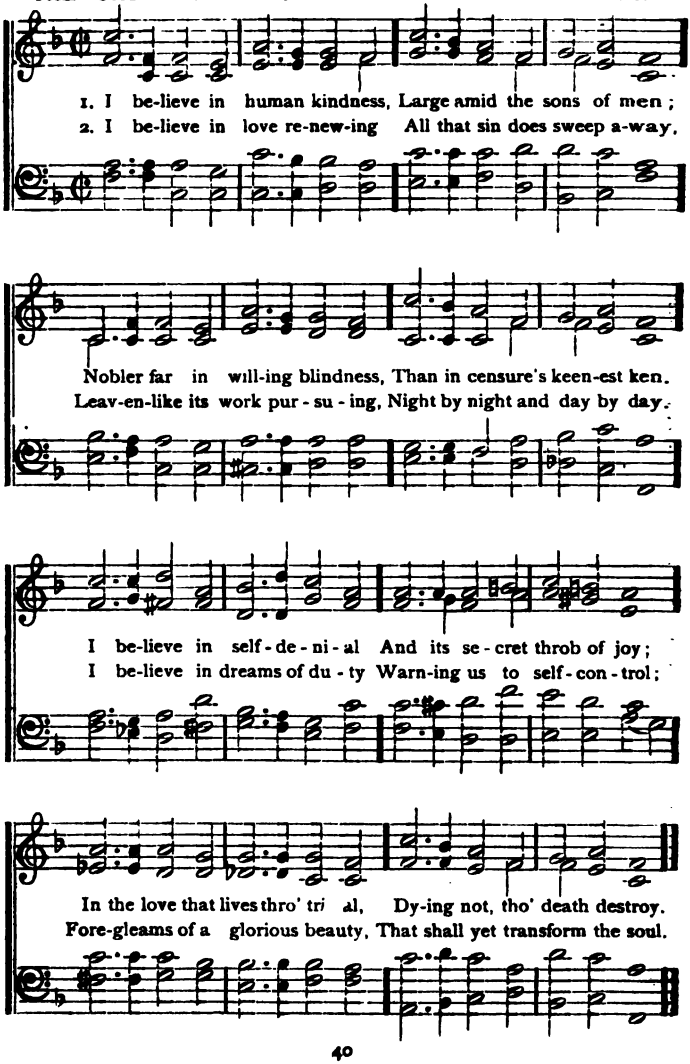

1. One by one the sands are flow - ing,
2. One by one thy du - ties wait thee,
3. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
4. Do not ling - er with re - gret - ting
5. Ev - 'ry hour that fleets so slow - ly
One by one the mo - ments fall, Some are com - ing.
Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no fu - ture
Do not fear an arm - ed band; One will fade as
Or for pass - ing hours de - spond; Nor, the dai - ly
Has its task to do or bear; Lum - in - ous the
some are go - ing, Do not strive to grasp them all.
dreams e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.
oth - ers greet thee, Shad - ows pass - ing through the land.
toil for - get - ting, Look too eag - er - ly be - yond.
crown, and ho - ly, When each gem is set with care.

The Law of Liberty.

John W. Chadwick. Ignaz Pleyel.

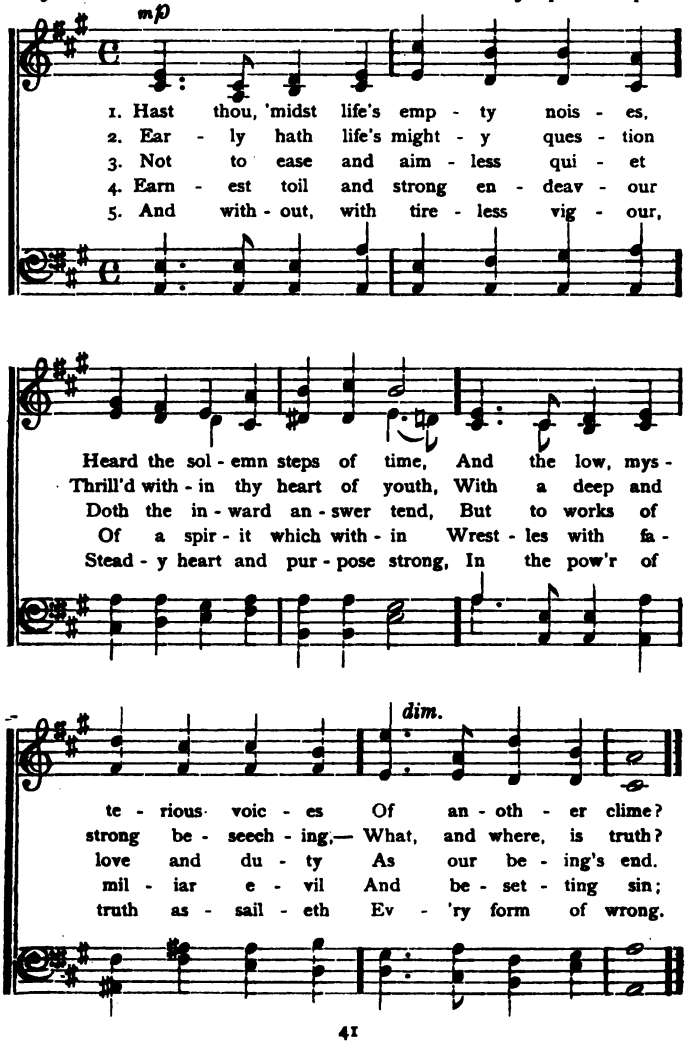

1. Thou whose name is blaz - oned forth
2. But to - day we sing of one
3. She is Du - ty: in her hand
4. But her bond - age is so sweet!
5. Wher - so - ev - er she may lead,
On our ban - ner's gleam-ing fold, Free - dom! all thy
Old - er, grav - er far than thou, With the seal of
Is a scep - tre heav - en-brought; Hers the ac - cent
And her bur - dens make us strong; Wings they seem to
Fresh - ly bur - dened ev - 'ry day, Free - dom, make us
sa - cred worth Nev - er yet has half been told.
time be - gun Stamped up - on her aw - ful brow.
of com-mand, Hers the dread - ful, mys - tic Ought.
wea - ry feet, Laugh - ter to our lips and song.
free to speed In her ev - er bright - 'ning way!

I Believe in Human Kindness.

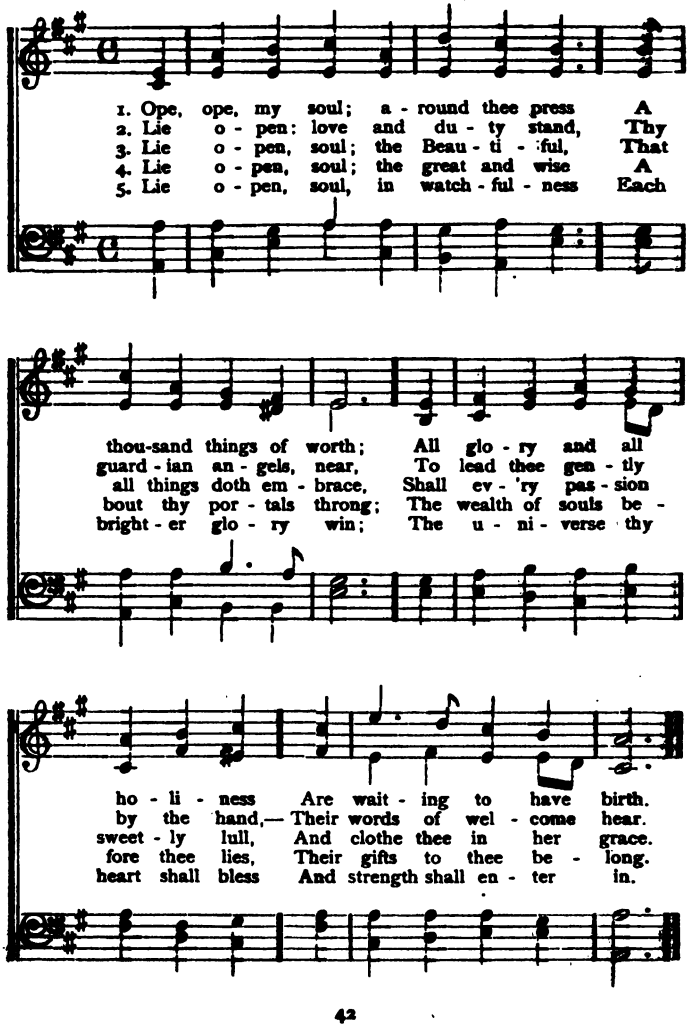
From "Good Words." Altered. Moultrie.

1. I be-lieve in human kindness, Large amid the sons of men;
2. I be-lieve in love re-new-ing All that sin does sweep a-way,
Nobler far in will-ing blindness, Than in censure's keen-est ken.
Leav-en-like its work pur-su-ing, Night by night and day by day.
I be-lieve in self-de-ni-al And its se-cret throb of joy;
I be-lieve in dreams of du-ty Warn-ing us to self-con-trol;
In the love that lives thro' tri al, Dy-ing not, tho' death destroy.
Fore-gleams of a glorious beauty, That shall yet transform the soul.

The Meaning of Life.

J. G. Whittier. E. Josephine Troup.

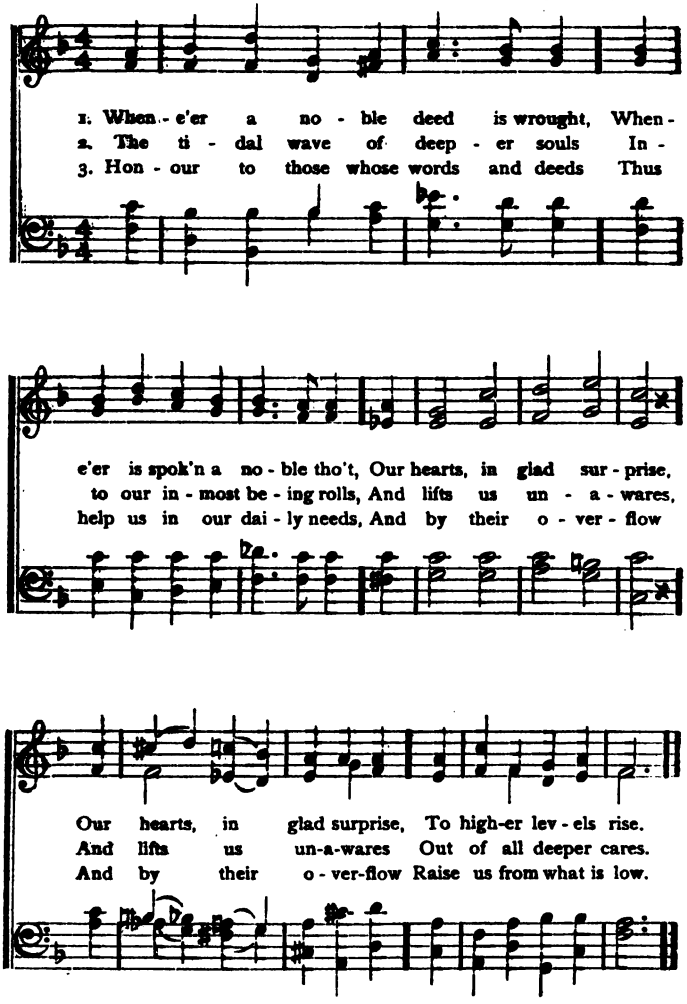

mp
1. Hast thou, 'midst life's emp - ty nois - es,
2. Ear - ly hath life's might - y ques - tion
3. Not to ease and aim - less qui - et
4. Earn - est toil and strong en - deav - our
5. And with - out, with tire - less vig - our,
Heard the sol - emn steps of time, And the low, mys -
Thrill'd with - in thy heart of youth, With a deep and
Doth the in - ward an - swer tend, But to works of
Of a spir - it which with - in Wrest - les with fa -
Stead - y heart and pur - pose strong, In the pow'r of
dim.
te - rious voic - es Of an - oth - er clime?
strong be - seech - ing,— What, and where, is truth?
love and du - ty As our be - ing's end.
mil - iar e - vil And be - set - ting sin;
truth as - sail - eth Ev - 'ry form of wrong.

Ope, Ope, My Soul.

Herbert New. Samuel Howard.

1. Ope, ope, my soul; a - round thee press A
2. Lie o - pen: love and du - ty stand, Thy
3. Lie o - pen, soul; the Beau - ti - ful, That
4. Lie o - pen, soul; the great and wise A
5. Lie o - pen, soul, in watch - ful - ness Each
thou-sand things of worth; All glo - ry and all
guard - ian an - gels, near, To lead thee gen - tly
all things doth em - brace, Shall ev - 'ry pas - sion
bout thy por - tals throng; The wealth of souls be -
bright - er glo - ry win; The u - ni - verse thy
ho - li - ness Are wait - ing to have birth.
by the hand,— Their words of wel - come hear.
sweet - ly lull, And clothe thee in her grace.
fore thee lies, Their gifts to thee be - long.
heart shall bless And strength shall en - ter in.

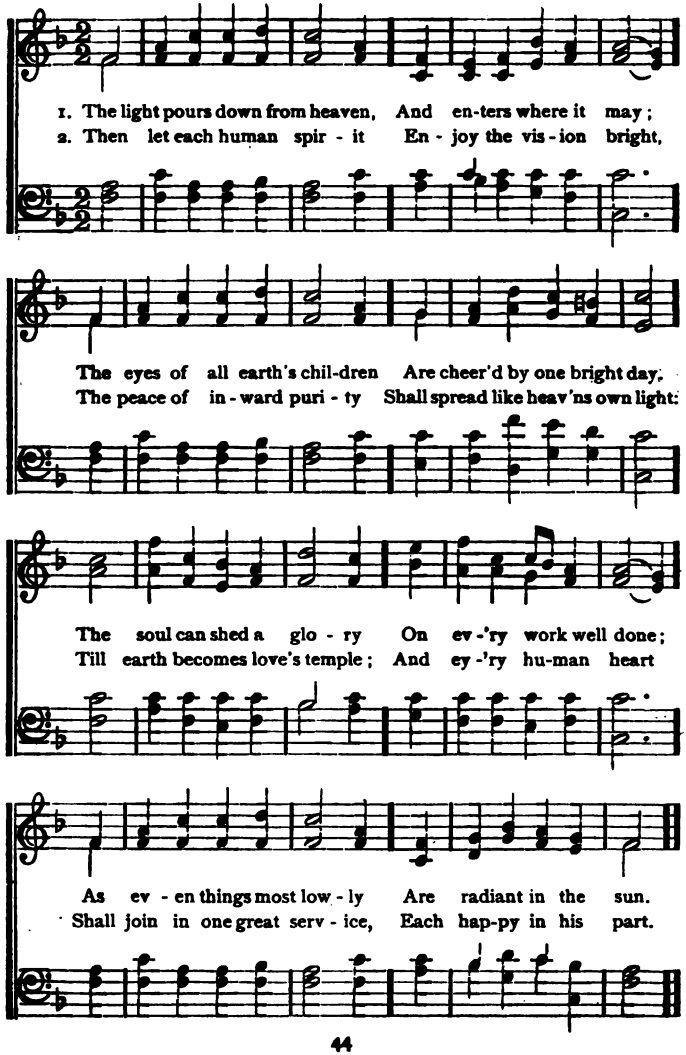
To Higher Levels.

H. W. Longfellow. J. F. Hughes.

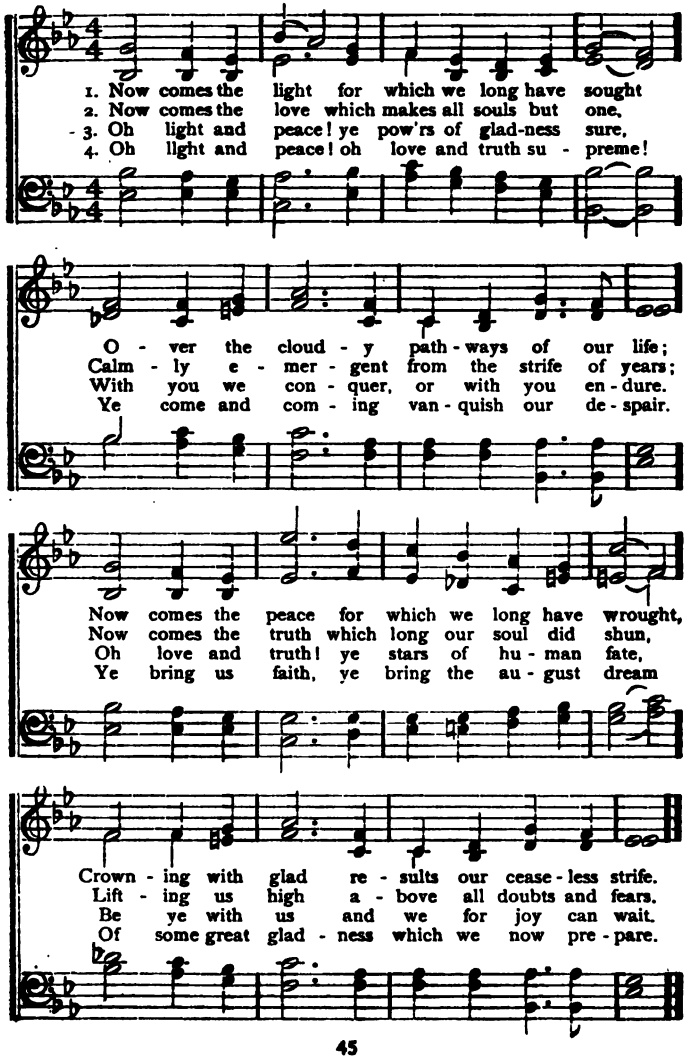

1. When - e'er a no - ble deed is wrought, When -
2. The ti - dal wave of deep - er souls In -
3. Hon - our to those whose words and deeds Thus
e'er is spok'n a no - ble tho't, Our hearts, in glad sur - prise,
to our in - most be - ing rolls, And lifts us un - a - wares,
help us in our dai - ly needs, And by their o - ver - flow
Our hearts, in glad surprise, To high-er lev - els rise.
And lifts us un-a-wares Out of all deeper cares.
And by their o - ver-flow Raise us from what is low.

By permission. From "Unity Service and Songs."

The Light Pours Down From Heaven.

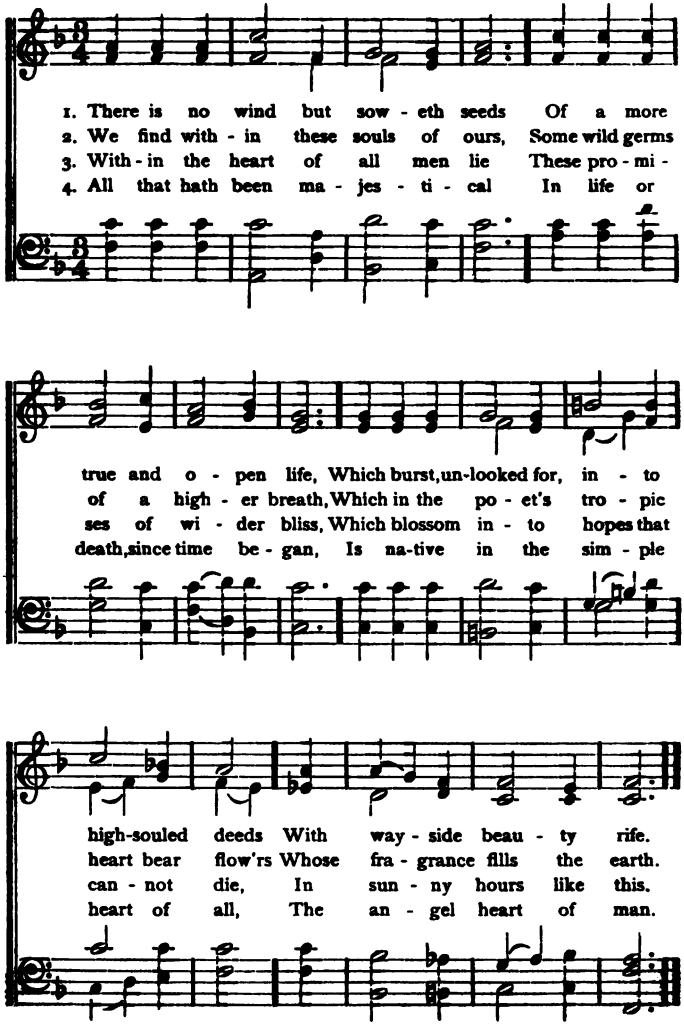
From the German. L. Mason.

1. The light pours down from heaven, And en-ters where it may;
2. Then let each human spir - it En - joy the vis - ion bright,
The eyes of all earth's chil-dren Are cheer'd by one bright day,
The peace of in - ward puri - ty Shall spread like heav'ns own light:
The soul can shed a glo - ry On ev -'ry work well done;
Till earth becomes love's temple; And ey -'ry hu-man heart
As ev - en things most low - ly Are radiant in the sun.
Shall join in one great serv - ice, Each hap-py in his part.

Now Comes the Light.

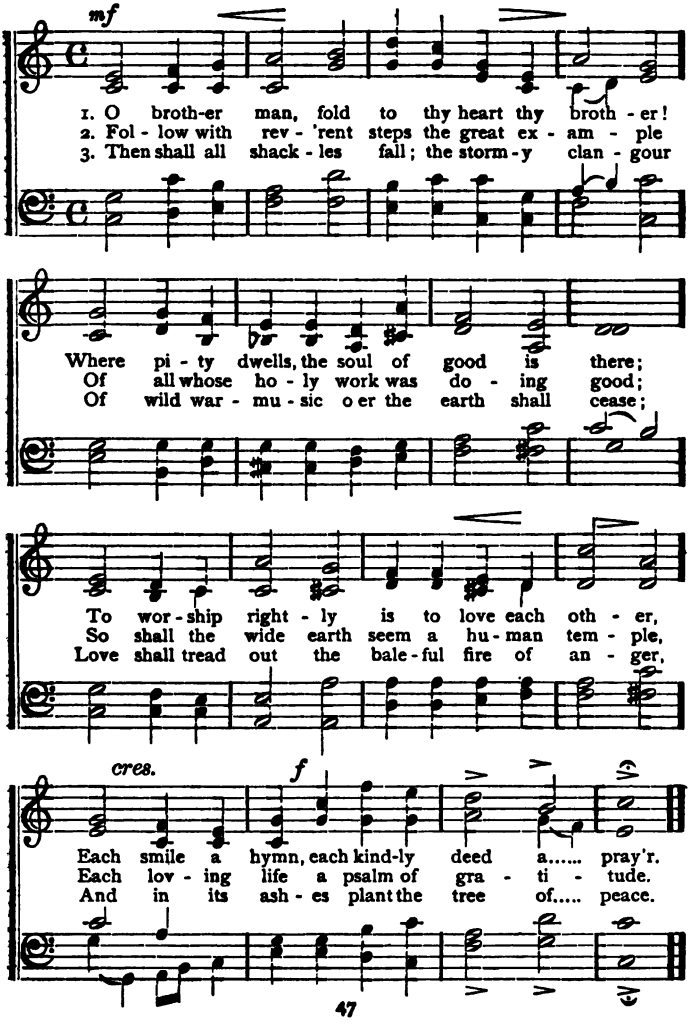
Malcolm Quin. Altered. Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. Now comes the light for which we long have sought
2. Now comes the love which makes all souls but one,
3. Oh light and peace! ye pow'rs of glad-ness sure,
4. Oh light and peace! oh love and truth su - preme!
O - ver the cloud - y path - ways of our life;
Calm - ly e - mer - gent from the strife of years;
With you we con - quer, or with you en - dure.
Ye come and com - ing van - quish our de - spair.
Now comes the peace for which we long have wrought,
Now comes the truth which long our soul did shun,
Oh love and truth! ye stars of hu - man fate,
Ye bring us faith, ye bring the au - gust dream
Crown - ing with glad re - sults our cease - less strife.
Lift - ing us high a - bove all doubts and fears.
Be ye with us and we for joy can wait.
Of some great glad - ness which we now pre - pare.

There is no Wind but Soweth Seeds.

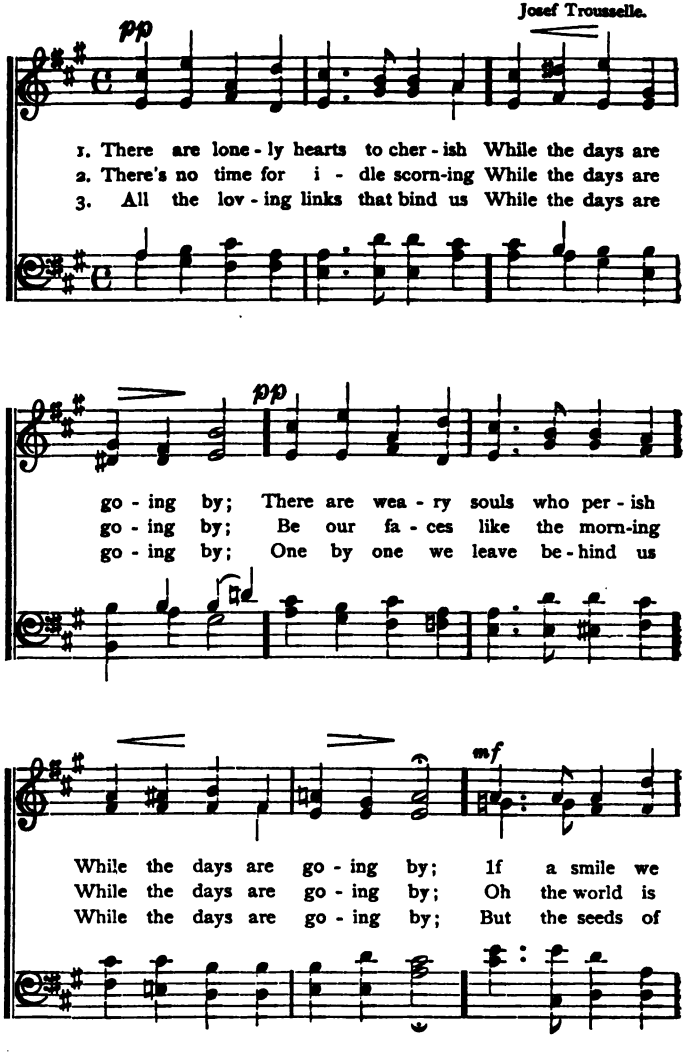
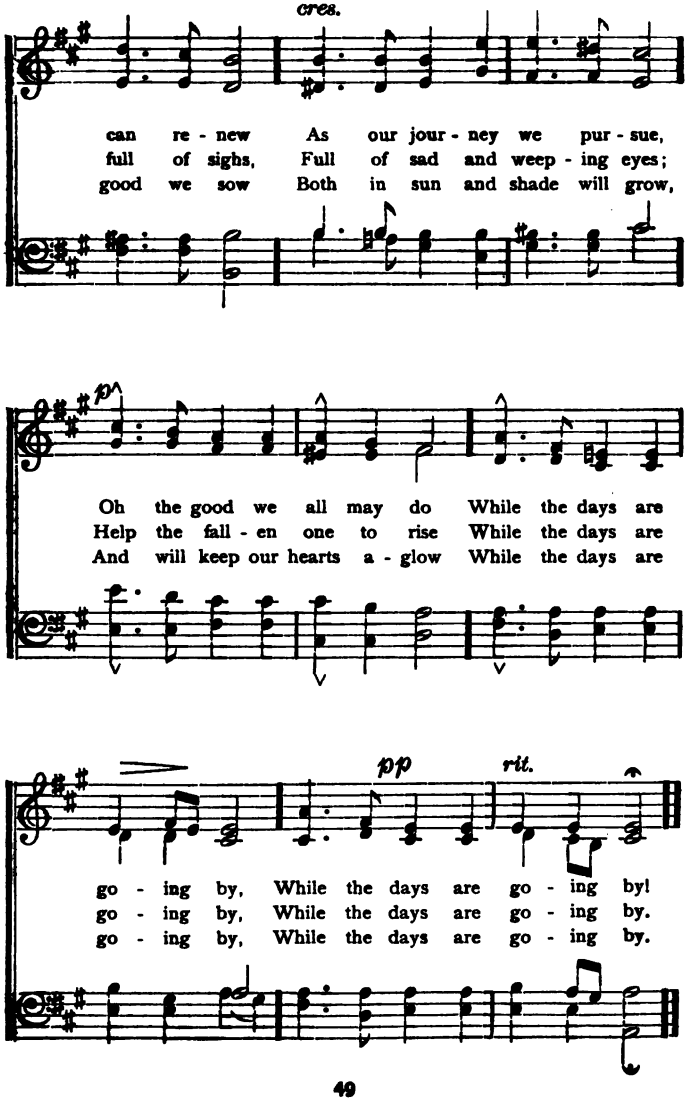
James Russell Lowell. H. Baker, Mus. B.


1. There is no wind but sow - eth seeds Of a more
2. We find with - in these souls of ours, Some wild germs
3. With - in the heart of all men lie These pro - mi -
4. All that hath been ma - jes - ti - cal In life or
true and o - pen life, Which burst, un-looked for, in - to
of a high - er breath, Which in the po - et's tro - pic
ses of wi - der bliss, Which blossom in - to hopes that
death, since time be - gan, Is na-tive in the sim - ple
high-souled deeds With way - side beau - ty rife.
heart bear flow'rs Whose fra - grance fills the earth.
can - not die, In sun - ny hours like this.
heart of all, The an - gel heart of man.

Human Brotherhood.

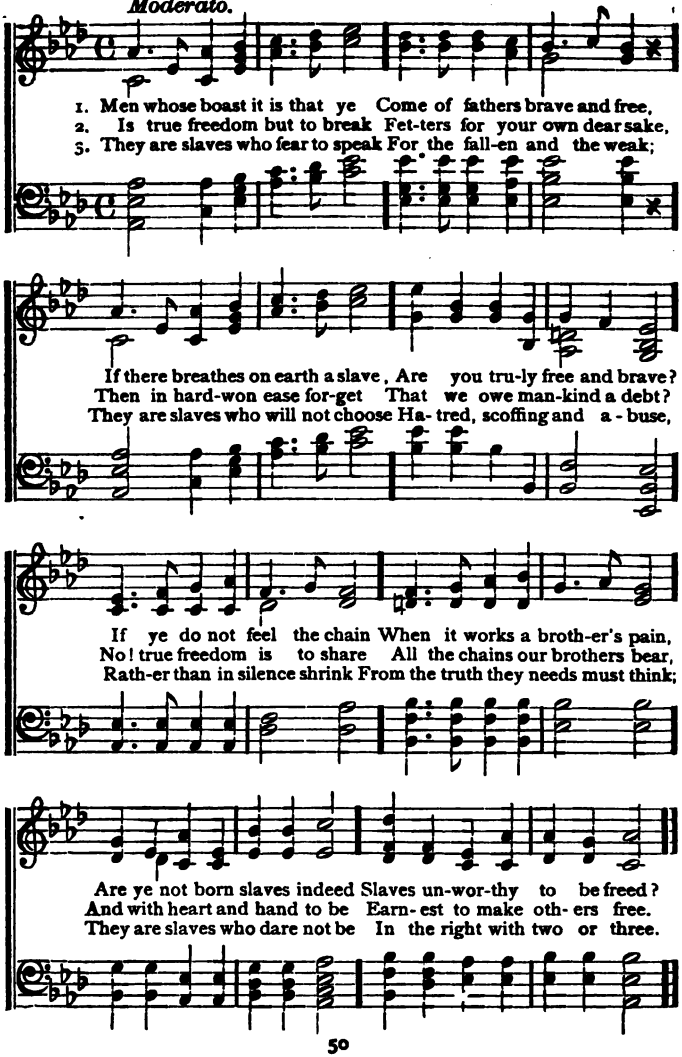
J. G. Whittier. Altered. *E. Josephine Troup.*

mf
1. O broth-er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er!
2. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple
3. Then shall all shack - les fall; the storm - y clan - gour
Where pi - ty dwells, the soul of good is there;
Of all whose ho - ly work was do - ing good;
Of wild war - mu - sic o er the earth shall cease;
To wor - ship right - ly is to love each oth - er,
So shall the wide earth seem a hu - man tem - ple,
Love shall tread out the bale - ful fire of an - ger,
cres.
f
Each smile a hymn, each kind-ly deed a..... pray'r.
Each lov - ing life a psalm of gra - ti - tude.
And in its ash - es plant the tree of..... peace.

There are Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

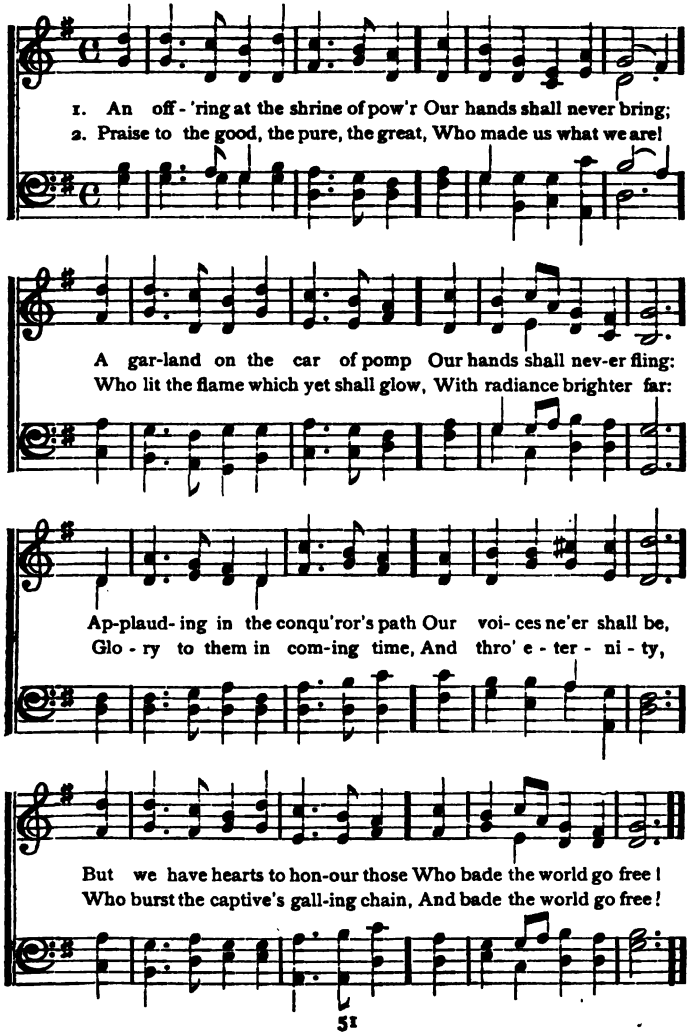
Josef Trousselle.

pp
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing While the days are
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are
go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls who per - ish
go - ing by; Be our fa - ces like the morn-ing
go - ing by; One by one we leave be - hind us
pp
mf
While the days are go - ing by; If a smile we
While the days are go - ing by; Oh the world is
While the days are go - ing by; But the seeds of

cres.
can re - new As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
good we sow Both in sun and shade will grow,
p
Oh the good we all may do While the days are
Help the fall - en one to rise While the days are
And will keep our hearts a - glow While the days are
pp
rit.
go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by!
go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by.
go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by.

Bearing One Another's Burden.

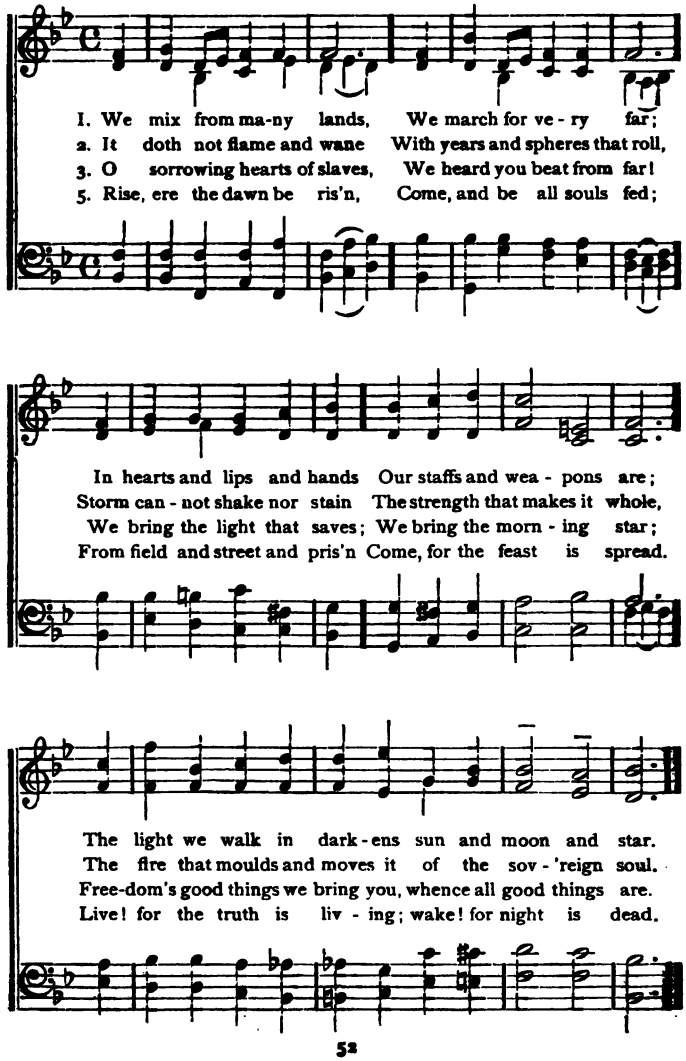
J. R. Lowell.

Moderato.

1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers brave and free,
2. Is true freedom but to break Fet-ters for your own dear sake,
3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall-en and the weak;
If there breathes on earth a slave, Are you tru-ly free and brave?
Then in hard-won ease for-get That we owe man-kind a debt?
They are slaves who will not choose Ha- tred, scoffing and a - buse,
If ye do not feel the chain When it works a broth-er's pain,
No! true freedom is to share All the chains our brothers bear,
Rath-er than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think;
Are ye not born slaves indeed Slaves un-wor-thy to be freed?
And with heart and hand to be Earn- est to make oth- ers free.
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

An Offering at the Shrine of Power.

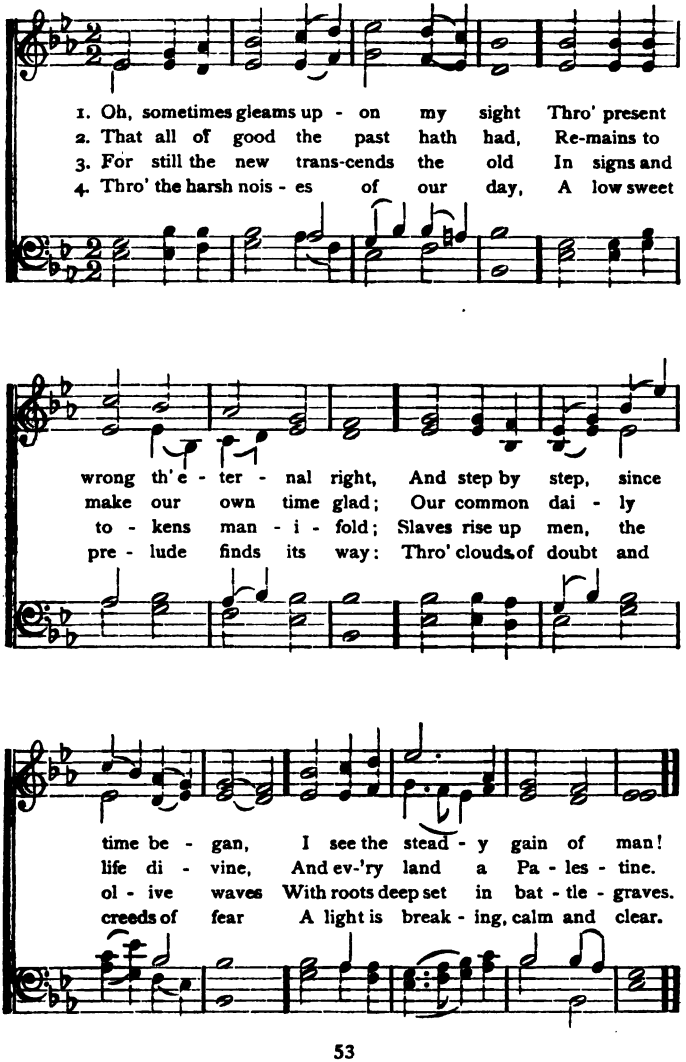
R. Nicoll. Palestine.

1. An off - 'ring at the shrine of pow'r Our hands shall never bring;
2. Praise to the good, the pure, the great, Who made us what we are!
A gar-land on the car of pomp Our hands shall nev-er fling:
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow, With radiance brighter far:
Ap-plaud- ing in the conqu'ror's path Our voi- ces ne'er shall be,
Glo - ry to them in com-ing time, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty,
But we have hearts to hon-our those Who bade the world go free!
Who burst the captive's gall-ing chain, And bade the world go free!

We Mix from Many Lands.

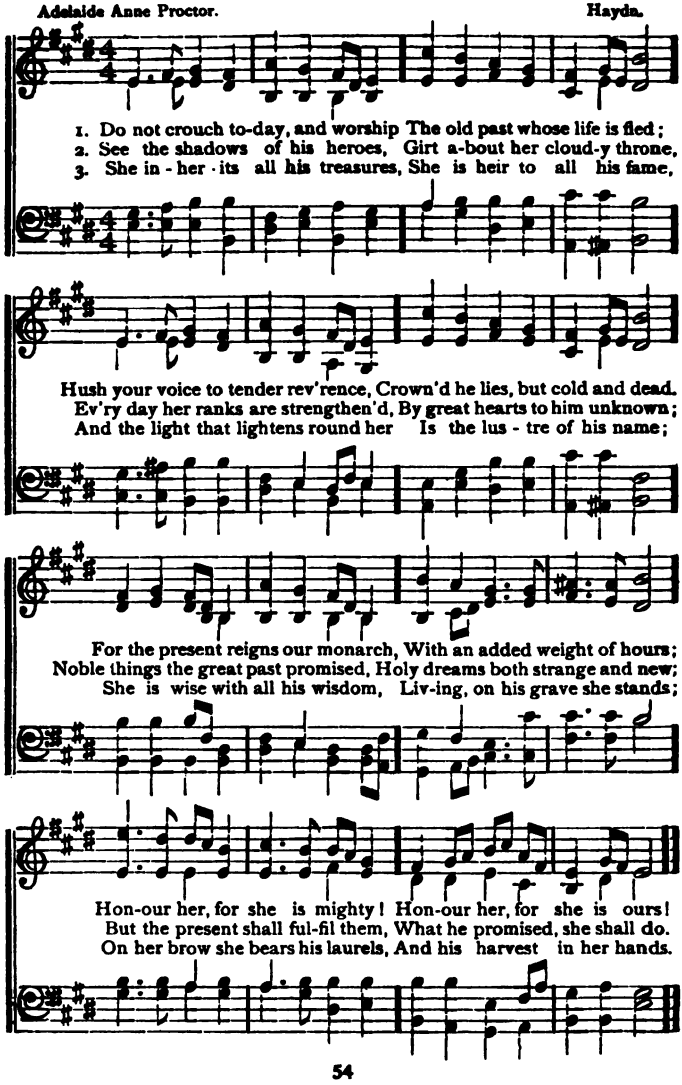
A. C. Swinburne. A. C.

1. We mix from ma-ny lands, We march for ve - ry far;
2. It doth not flame and wane With years and spheres that roll,
3. O sorrowing hearts of slaves, We heard you beat from far!
5. Rise, ere the dawn be ris'n, Come, and be all souls fed;
In hearts and lips and hands Our staffs and wea - pons are;
Storm can - not shake nor stain The strength that makes it whole,
We bring the light that saves; We bring the morn - ing star;
From field and street and pris'n Come, for the feast is spread.
The light we walk in dark - ens sun and moon and star.
The fire that moulds and moves it of the sov - 'reign soul.
Free-dom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.
Live! for the truth is liv - ing; wake! for night is dead.

Oh, Sometimes Gleams upon my Sight.

J. G. Whittier. John Hatton.

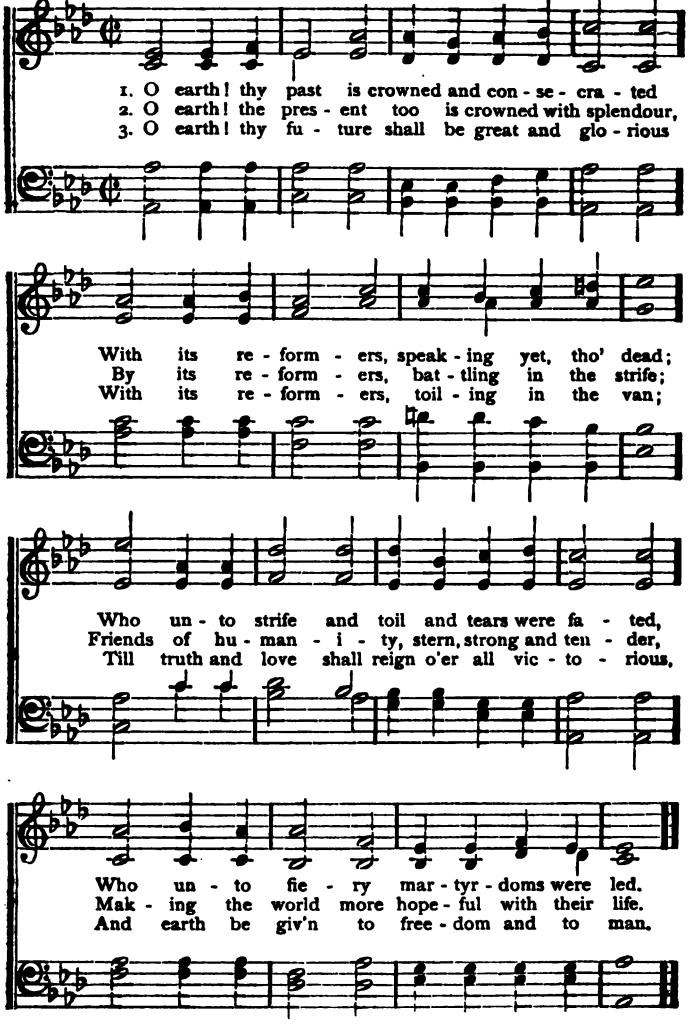

1. Oh, sometimes gleams up - on my sight Thro' present
2. That all of good the past hath had, Re-mains to
3. For still the new trans-cends the old In signs and
4. Thro' the harsh nois - es of our day, A low sweet
wrong th'e - ter - nal right, And step by step, since
make our own time glad; Our common dai - ly
to - kens man - i - fold; Slaves rise up men, the
pre - lude finds its way: Thro' clouds of doubt and
time be - gan, I see the stead - y gain of man!
life di - vine, And ev-'ry land a Pa - les - tine.
ol - ive waves With roots deep set in bat - tle - graves.
creeds of fear A light is break - ing, calm and clear.

Past and Present.

Adelaide Anne Proctor. Hayda.

1. Do not crouch to-day, and worship The old past whose life is fled;
2. See the shadows of his heroes, Girt a-bout her cloud-y throne,
3. She in - her - its all his treasures, She is heir to all his fame,
Hush your voice to tender rev'rence, Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead.
Ev'ry day her ranks are strengthen'd, By great hearts to him unknown;
And the light that lightens round her Is the lus - tre of his name;
For the present reigns our monarch, With an added weight of hours;
Noble things the great past promised, Holy dreams both strange and new;
She is wise with all his wisdom, Liv-ing, on his grave she stands;
Hon-our her, for she is mighty! Hon-our her, for she is ours!
But the present shall ful-fil them, What he promised, she shall do.
On her brow she bears his laurels, And his harvest in her hands.

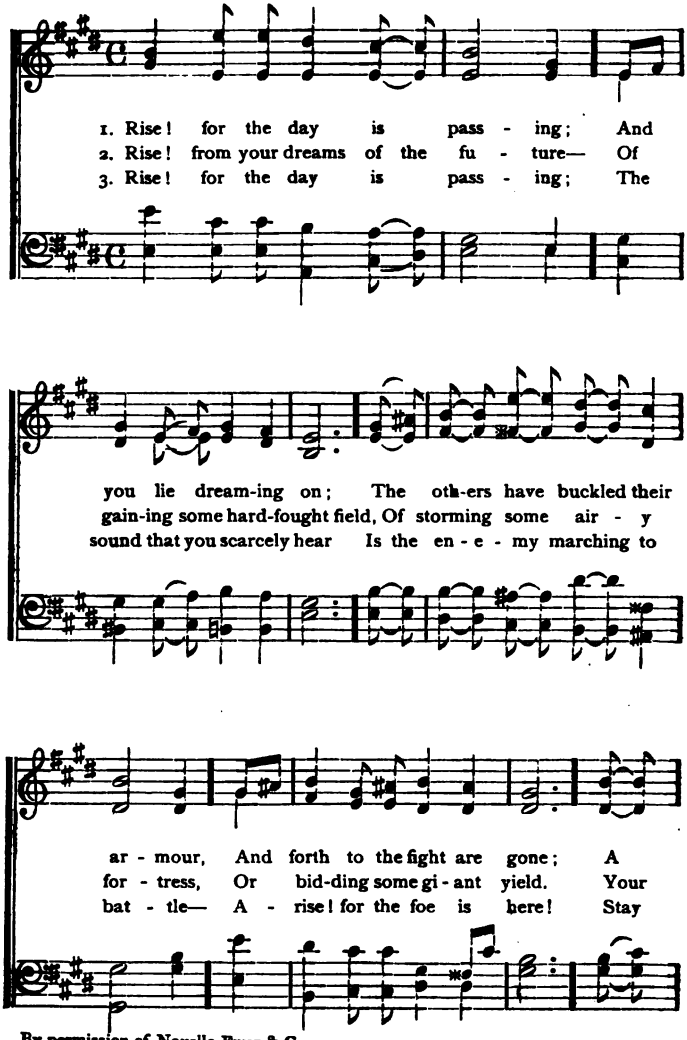
Earth's Reformers.

Thos. Lake Harris. E. J. Hopkins.


1. O earth! thy past is crowned and con - se - cra - ted
2. O earth! the pres - ent too is crowned with splendour,
3. O earth! thy fu - ture shall be great and glo - rious
With its re - form - ers, speak - ing yet, tho' dead;
By its re - form - ers, bat - tling in the strife;
With its re - form - ers, toil - ing in the van;
Who un - to strife and toil and tears were fa - ted,
Friends of hu - man - i - ty, stern, strong and ten - der,
Till truth and love shall reign o'er all vic - to - rious,
Who un - to fie - ry mar - tyr - doms were led.
Mak - ing the world more hope - ful with their life.
And earth be giv'n to free - dom and to man.

Rise! For the Day is Passing.

Adelaide Anne Procter. Berthold Tours.


1. Rise! for the day is pass - ing; And
2. Rise! from your dreams of the fu - ture— Of
3. Rise! for the day is pass - ing; The
you lie dream-ing on; The oth-ers have buckled their
gain-ing some hard-fought field, Of storming some air - y
sound that you scarcely hear Is the en - e - my marching to
ar - mour, And forth to the fight are gone; A
for - tress, Or bid-ding some gi - ant yield. Your
bat - tle— A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay

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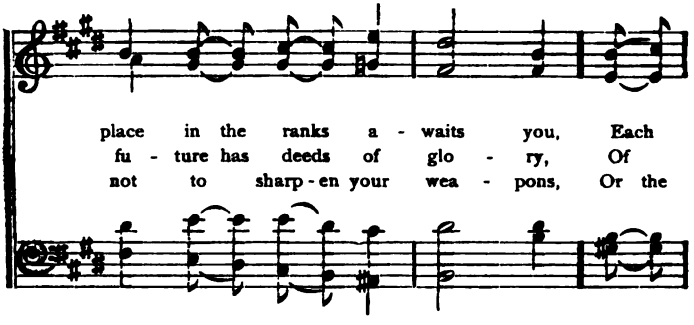
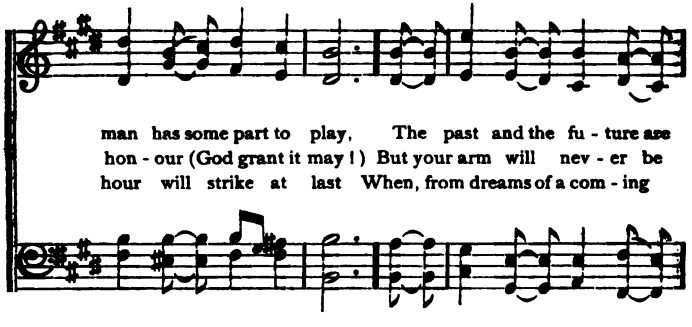
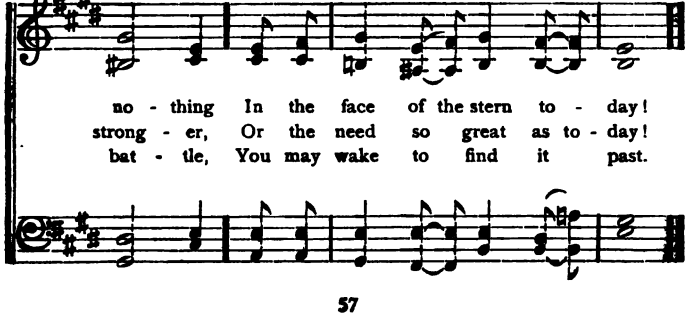
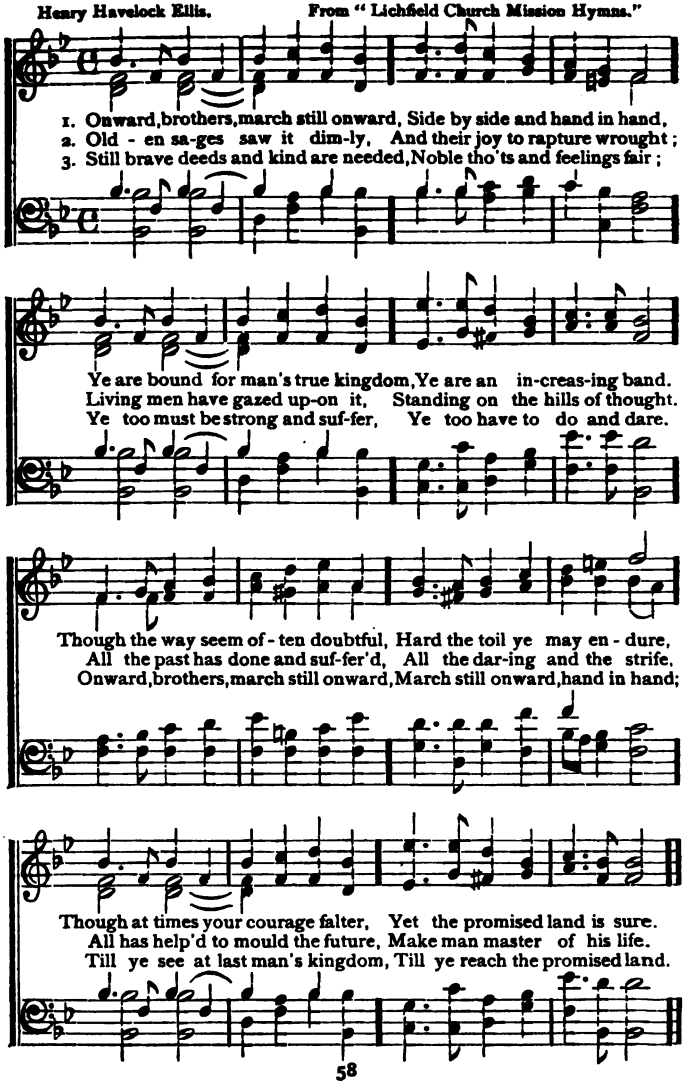

place in the ranks a - waits you, Each
fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of
not to sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the


man has some part to play, The past and the fu - ture are
hon - our (God grant it may!) But your arm will nev - er be
hour will strike at last When, from dreams of a com - ing

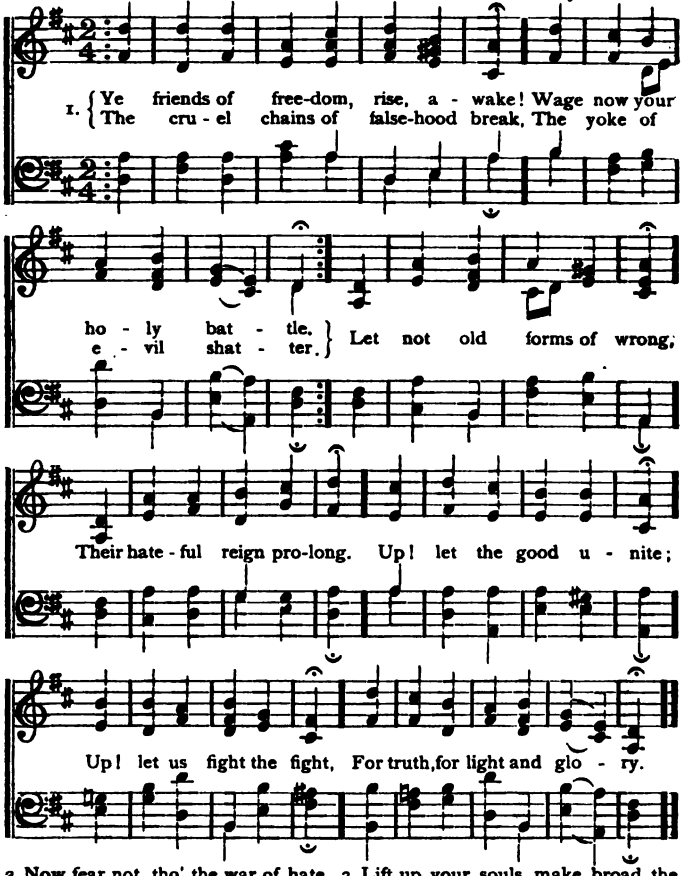

no - thing In the face of the stern to - day!
strong - er, Or the need so great as to - day!
bat - tle, You may wake to find it past.

Onward, Brothers, March Still Onward.

Henry Havelock Ellis. From "Lichfield Church Mission Hymns."

1. Onward, brothers, march still onward, Side by side and hand in hand,
2. Old - en sa-ges saw it dim-ly, And their joy to rapture wrought;
3. Still brave deeds and kind are needed, Noble tho'ts and feelings fair;
Ye are bound for man's true kingdom, Ye are an in-creas-ing band.
Living men have gazed up-on it, Standing on the hills of thought.
Ye too must be strong and suf-fer, Ye too have to do and dare.
Though the way seem of - ten doubtful, Hard the toil ye may en - dure,
All the past has done and suf-fer'd, All the dar-ing and the strife.
Onward, brothers, march still onward, March still onward, hand in hand;
Though at times your courage falter, Yet the promised land is sure.
All has help'd to mould the future, Make man master of his life.
Till ye see at last man's kingdom, Till ye reach the promised land.

Ye Friends of Freedom, Rise, Awake!

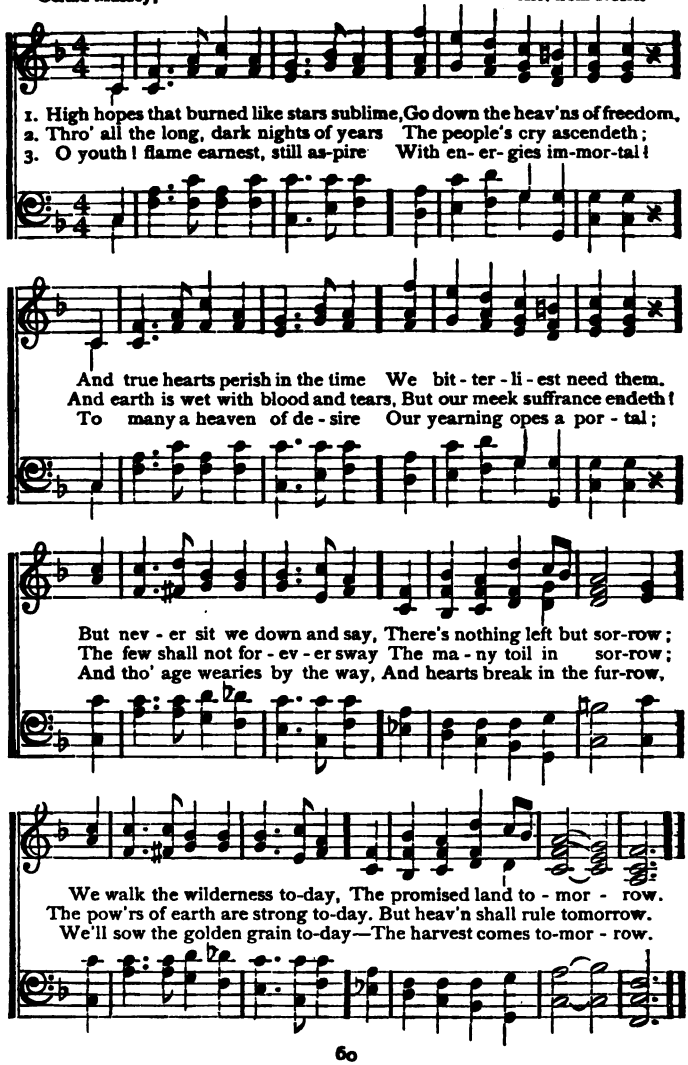
Felix Adler. Arr. from Luther by Hansen.


1. Ye friends of free-dom, rise, a - wake! Wage now your
The cru - el chains of false-hood break, The yoke of
ho - ly bat - tle.
e - vil shat - ter.
Let not old forms of wrong,
Their hate - ful reign pro-long. Up! let the good u - nite;
Up! let us fight the fight, For truth, for light and glo - ry.

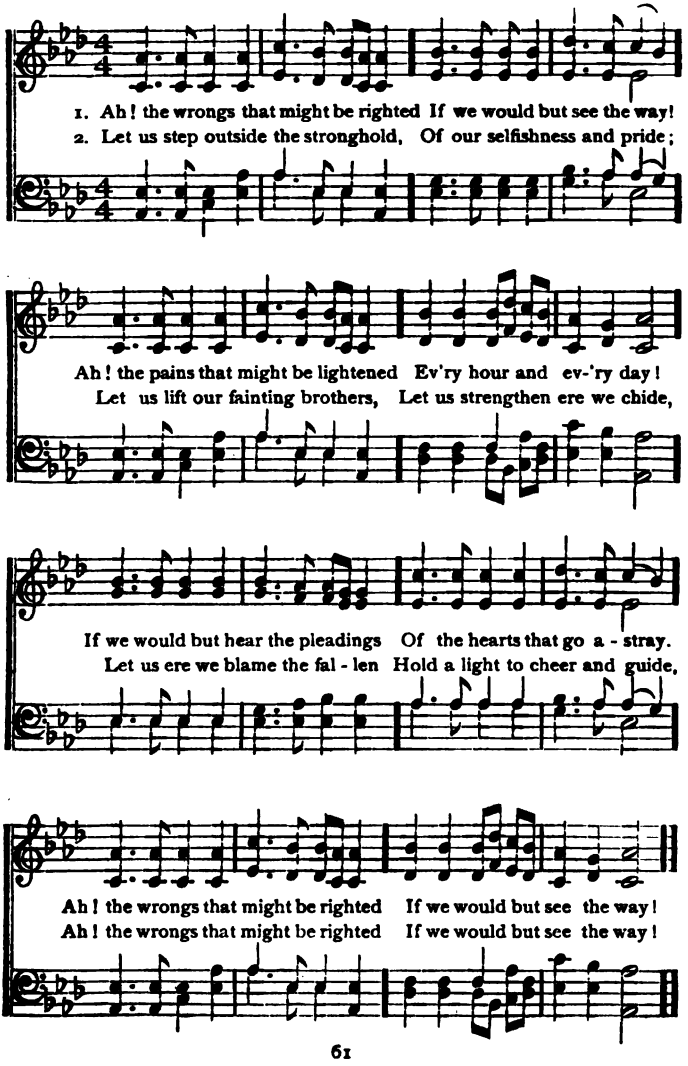
2 Now fear not, tho' the war of hate
Around our pathway rages.
We march beneath the flag of fate,
We bear the hope of ages!
What though our band be few,
If but our hearts be true,
What tho' the goal be far,
See, ev'ry sacred star
Sheds golden hope to cheer us.

3 Lift up your souls, make broad the way.
Spurn meaner paths alluring.
O, consecrate your lives to-day
To what is great, enduring!
The heart's hope cannot lie;
The heart's trust cannot die;
True reign the eternal laws,
To serve them is our cause,
We will, we cannot falter.

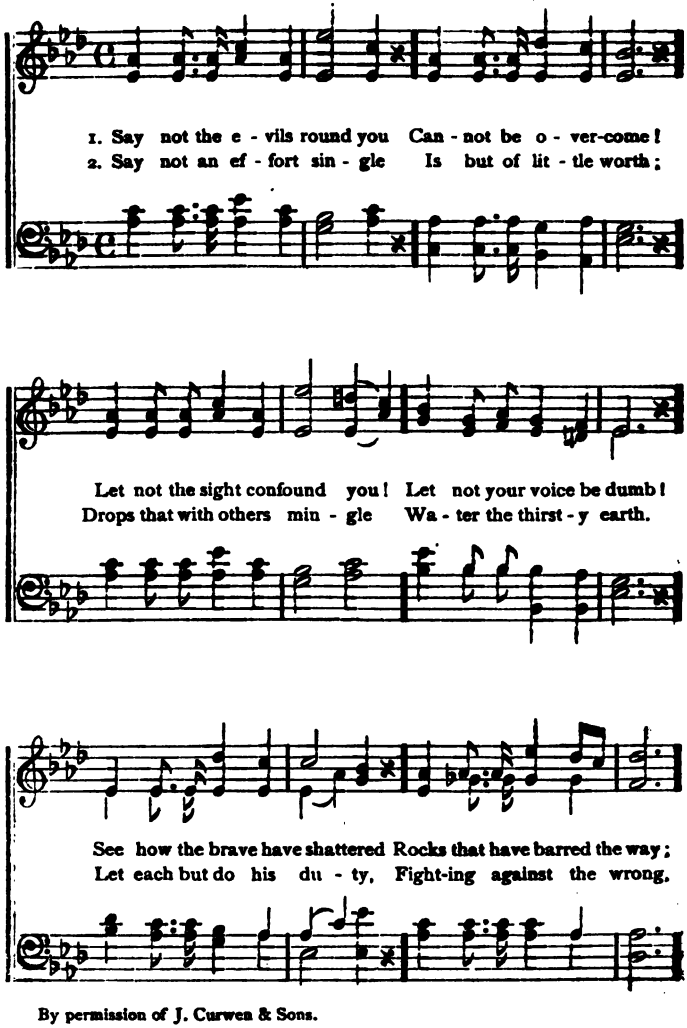
To-day and To-morrow.

Gerald Massey. Arr. from Neefe.

1. High hopes that burned like stars sublime, Go down the heav'ns of freedom,
2. Thro' all the long, dark nights of years The people's cry ascendeth;
3. O youth! flame earnest, still as-pire With en- er- gies im-mor-tal!
And true hearts perish in the time We bit - ter - li - est need them.
And earth is wet with blood and tears, But our meek suffrance endeth!
To many a heaven of de - sire Our yearning opes a por - tal;
But nev - er sit we down and say, There's nothing left but sor-row;
The few shall not for - ev - er sway The ma - ny toil in sor-row;
And tho' age wearies by the way, And hearts break in the fur-row,
We walk the wilderness to-day, The promised land to - mor - row.
The pow'rs of earth are strong to-day. But heav'n shall rule tomorrow.
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—The harvest comes to-mor - row.

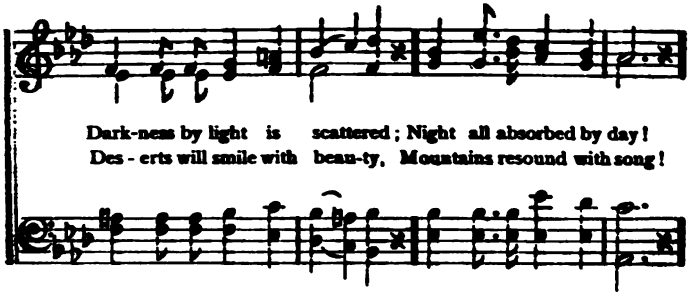
Ah! The Wrongs that Might be Righted.

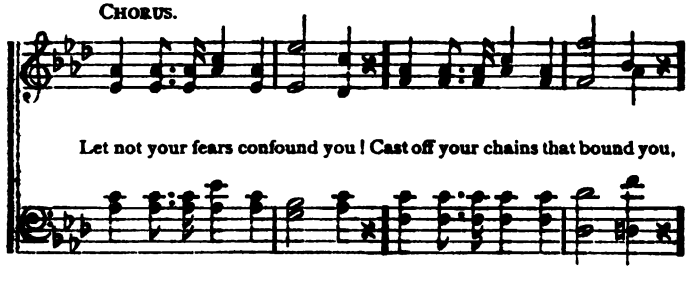
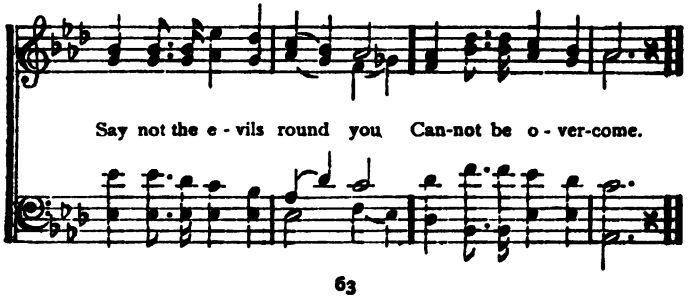
Arr. from Mozart.

1. Ah! the wrongs that might be righted If we would but see the way!
2. Let us step outside the stronghold, Of our selfishness and pride;
Ah! the pains that might be lightened Ev'ry hour and ev-'ry day!
Let us lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide,
If we would but hear the pleadings Of the hearts that go a - stray.
Let us ere we blame the fal - len Hold a light to cheer and guide,
Ah! the wrongs that might be righted If we would but see the way!
Ah! the wrongs that might be righted If we would but see the way!

Say Not the Evils Round You.

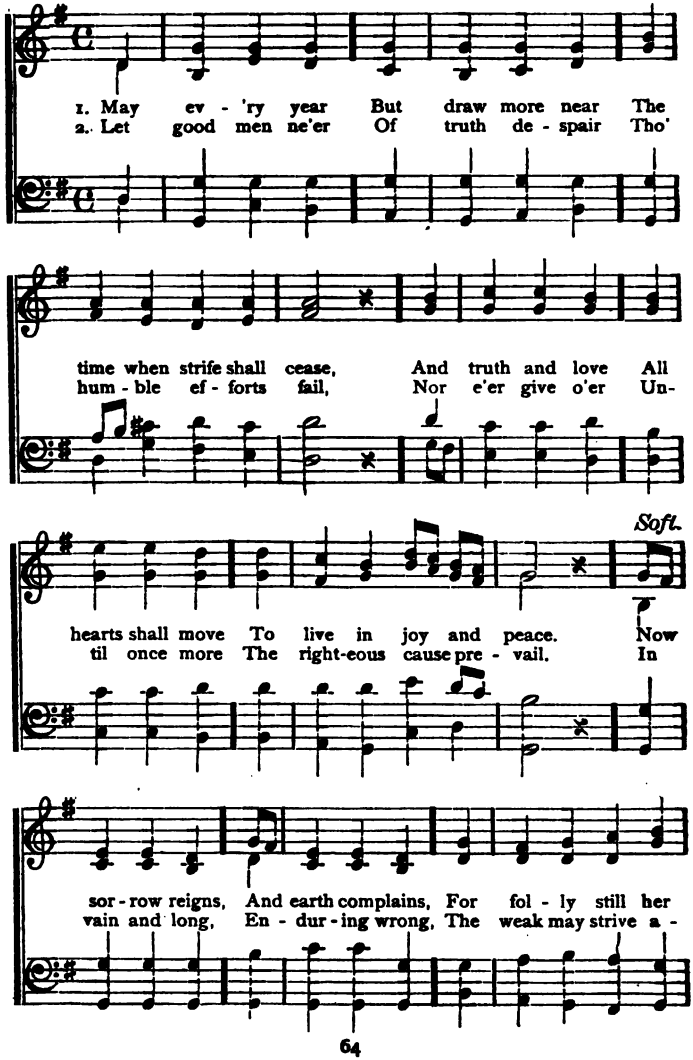
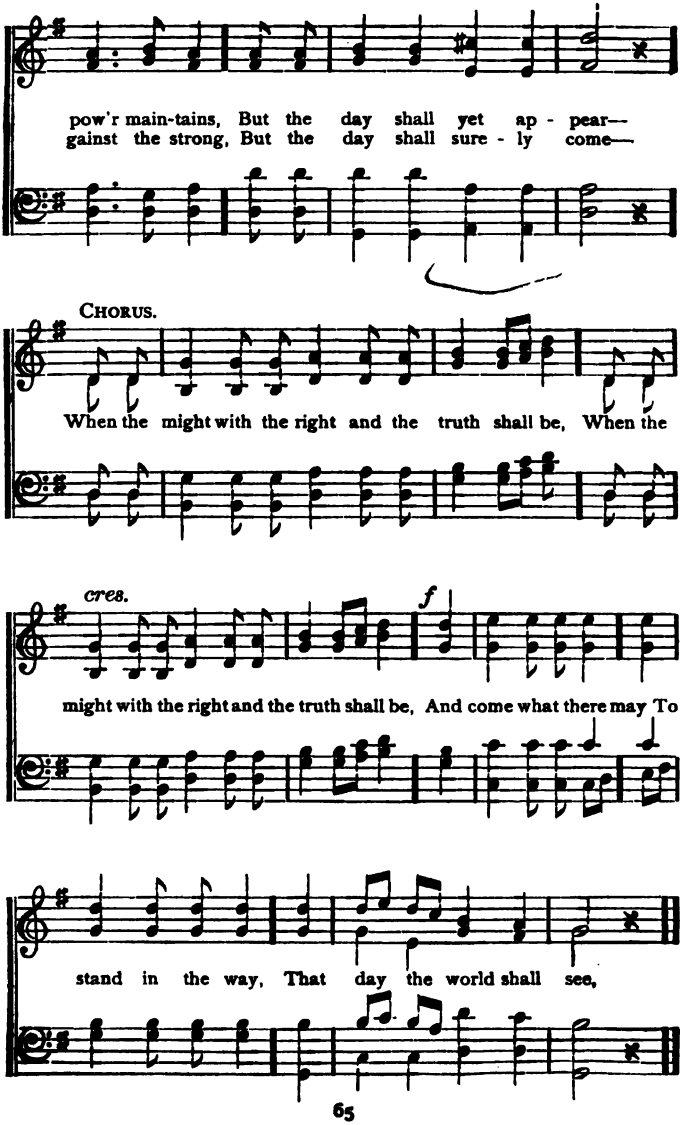
A. J. Foxwell. From "General Gordon."

1. Say not the e - vils round you Can - not be o - ver-come!
2. Say not an ef - fort sin - gle Is but of lit - tle worth;
Let not the sight confound you! Let not your voice be dumb!
Drops that with others min - gle Wa - ter the thirst - y earth.
See how the brave have shattered Rocks that have barred the way;
Let each but do his du - ty, Fight-ing against the wrong.

By permission of J. Curwen & Sons.


Dark-ness by light is scattered; Night all absorbed by day!
Des - erts will smile with beau-ty, Mountains resound with song!

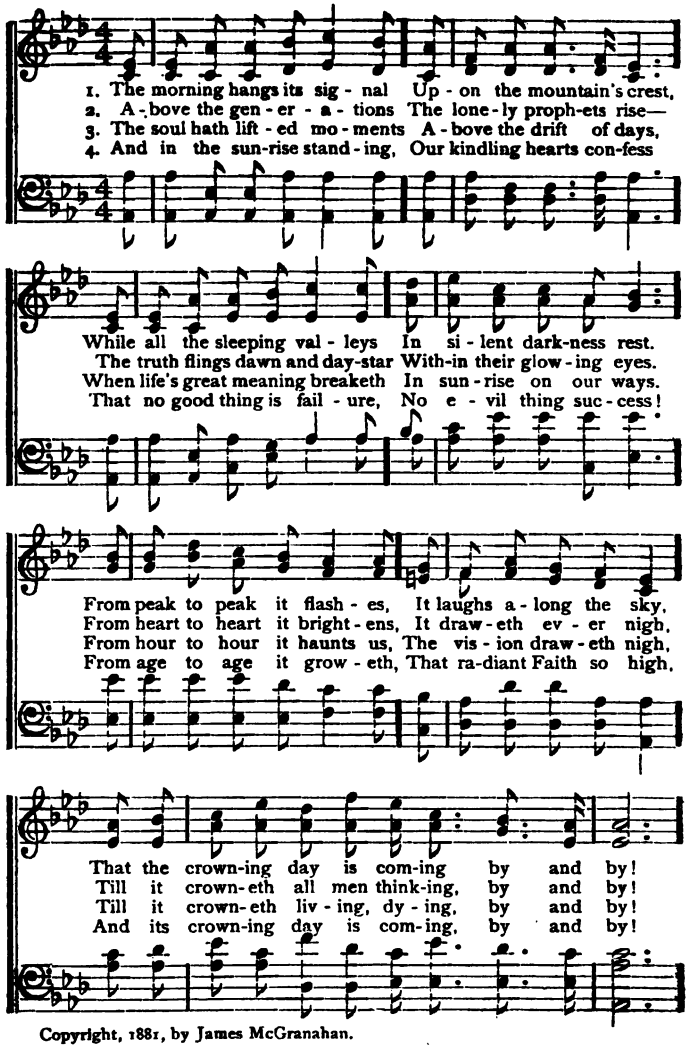

CHORUS.
Let not your fears confound you! Cast off your chains that bound you,

Say not the e - vils round you Can-not be o - ver-come.

May Every Year.

W. E. Hickson. From J. W. Callcott, Mus. D.

1. May ev - 'ry year But draw more near The
2. Let good men ne'er Of truth de - spair Tho'
time when strife shall cease, And truth and love All
hum - ble ef - forts fail, Nor e'er give o'er Un-
Soft.
hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now
til once more The right-eous cause pre - vail. In
sor - row reigns, And earth complains, For fol - ly still her
vain and long, En - dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a -

pow'r main-tains, But the day shall yet ap - pear—
gainst the strong, But the day shall sure - ly come—
CHORUS.
When the might with the right and the truth shall be, When the
cres.
f
might with the right and the truth shall be, And come what there may To
stand in the way, That day the world shall see,

The Crowning Day.

W. C. Gannett. James McGanahan.


1. The morning hangs its sig - nal Up - on the mountain's crest,
2. A - bove the gen - er - a - tions The lone - ly proph-ets rise—
3. The soul hath lift - ed mo - ments A - bove the drift of days,
4. And in the sun-rise stand - ing, Our kindling hearts con-fess
While all the sleeping val - leys In si - lent dark-ness rest.
The truth flings dawn and day-star With-in their glow - ing eyes.
When life's great meaning breaketh In sun - rise on our ways.
That no good thing is fail - ure, No e - vil thing suc - cess!
From peak to peak it flash - es, It laughs a - long the sky,
From heart to heart it bright - ens, It draw - eth ev - er nigh,
From hour to hour it haunts us, The vis - ion draw - eth nigh,
From age to age it grow - eth, That ra-diant Faith so high,
That the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by!
Till it crown-eth all men think-ing, by and by!
Till it crown-eth liv - ing, dy - ing, by and by!
And its crown-ing day is com-ing, by and by!

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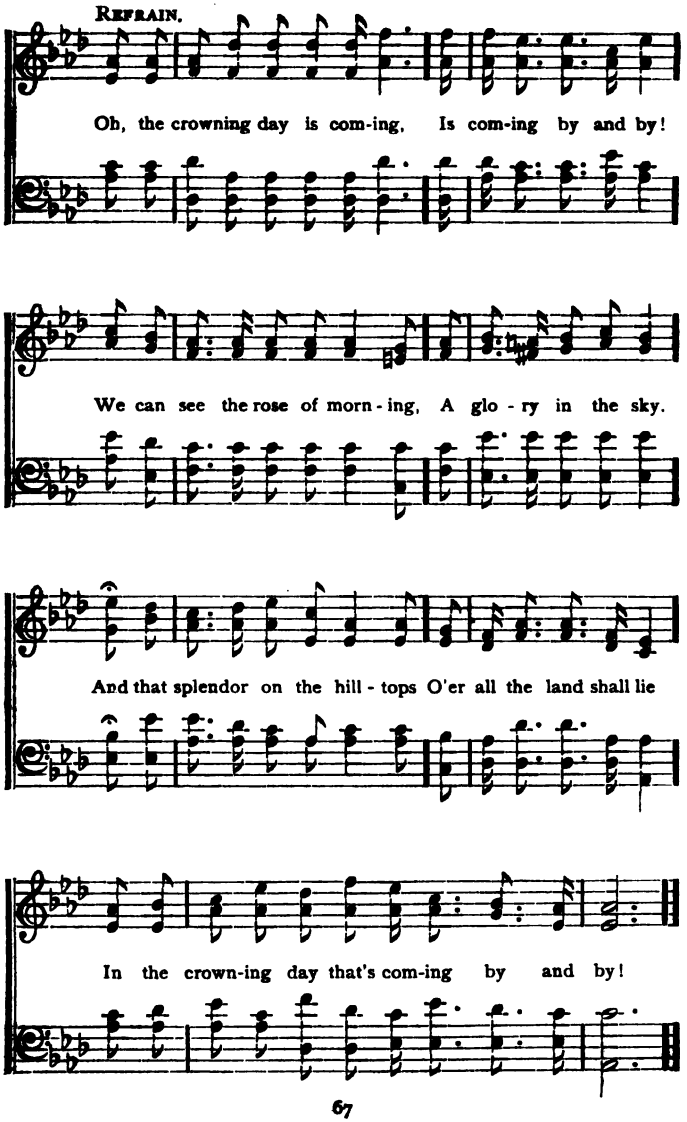
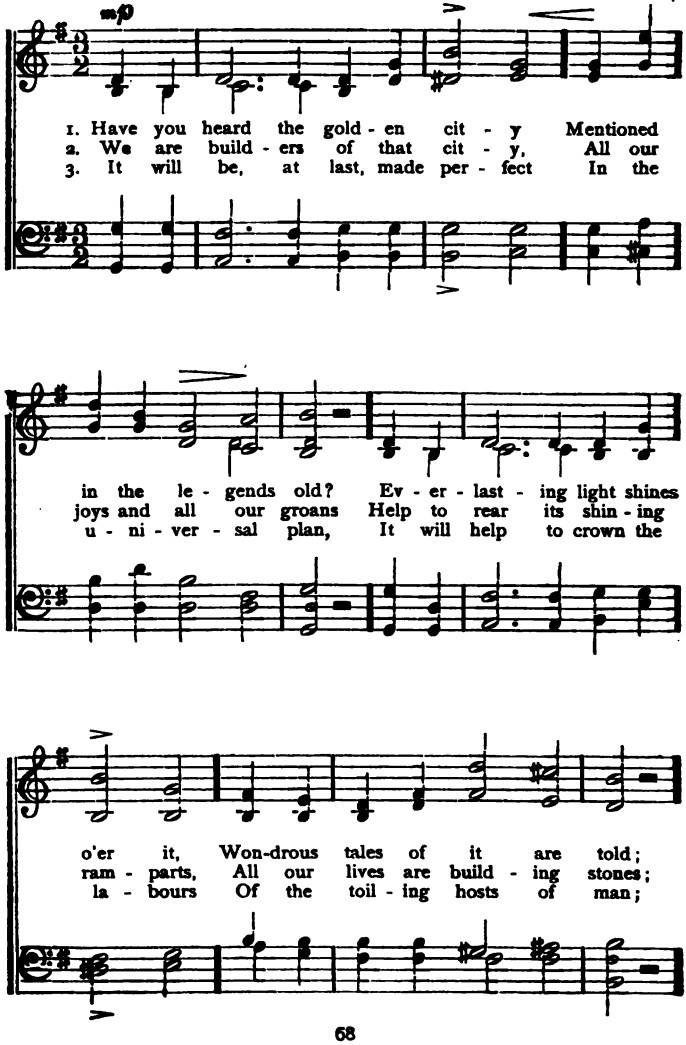
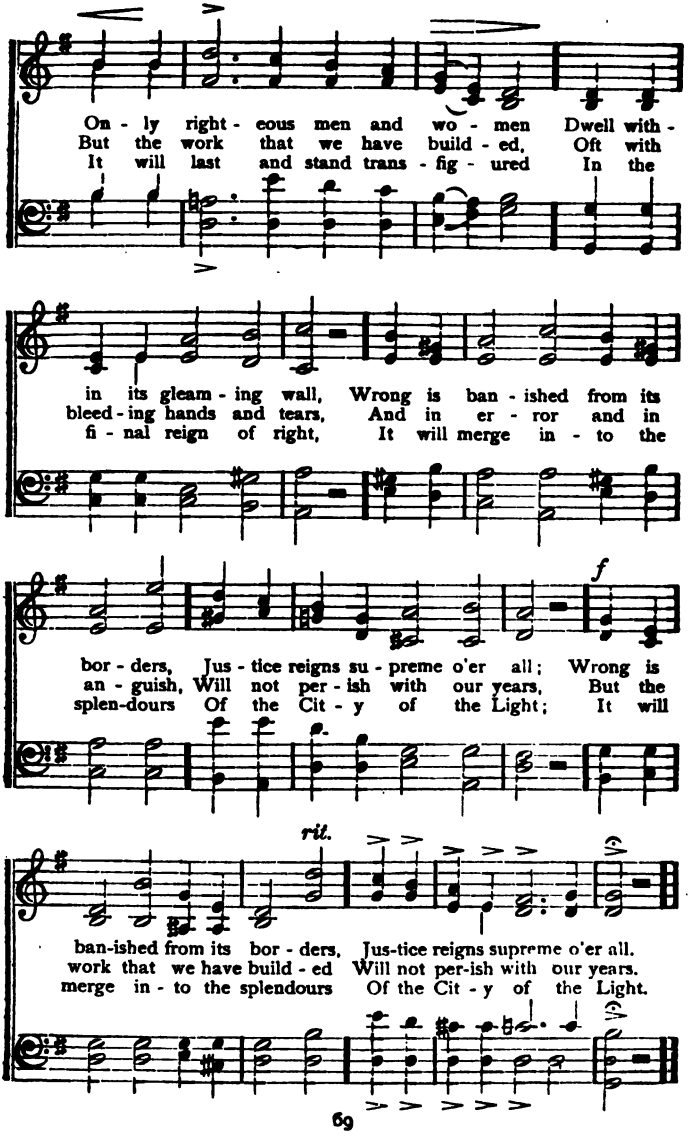
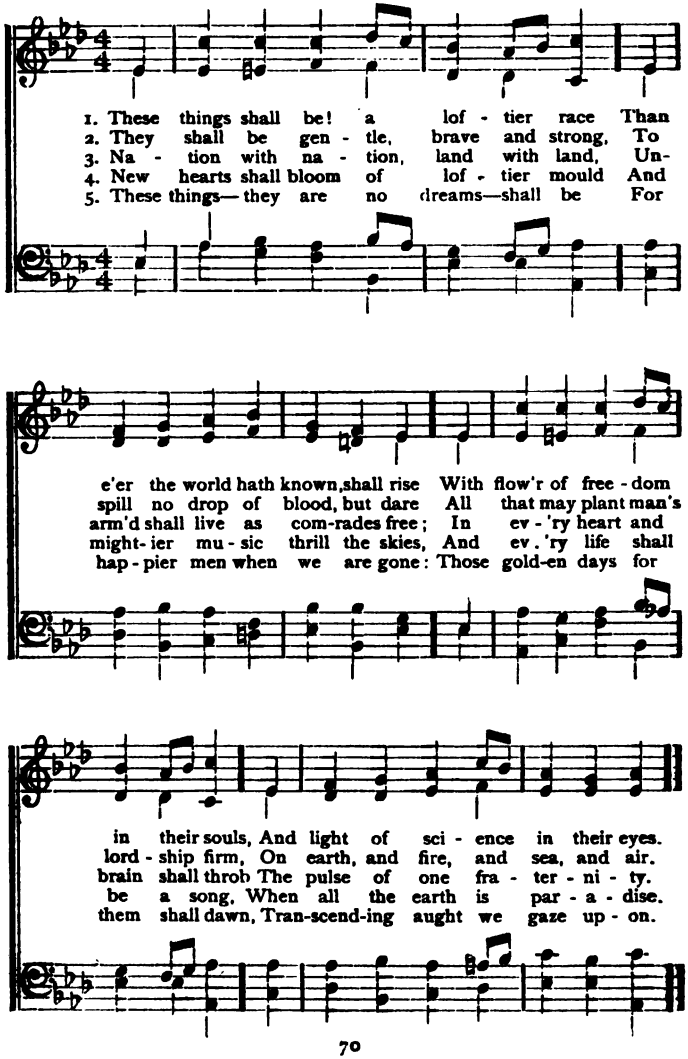

REFRAIN.
Oh, the crowning day is com-ing, Is com-ing by and by!
We can see the rose of morn-ing, A glo-ry in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops O'er all the land shall lie
In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by!

The City of the Light.

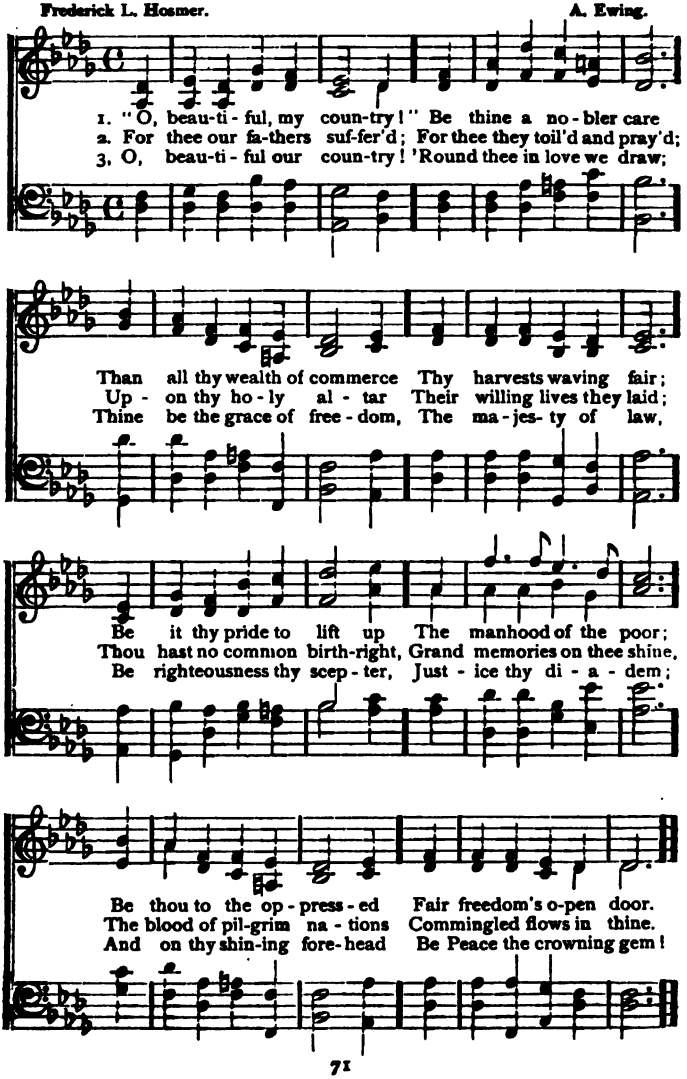
Felix Adler. E. Josephine Troup.

mp
1. Have you heard the gold - en cit - y Mentioned
2. We are build - ers of that cit - y, All our
3. It will be, at last, made per - fect In the
in the le - gends old? Ev - er - last - ing light shines
joys and all our groans Help to rear its shin - ing
u - ni - ver - sal plan, It will help to crown the
o'er it, Won-drous tales of it are told;
ram - parts, All our lives are build - ing stones;
la - bours Of the toil - ing hosts of man;

On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with -
But the work that we have build - ed, Oft with
It will last and stand trans - fig - ured In the
in its gleam - ing wall, Wrong is ban - ished from its
bleed - ing hands and tears, And in er - ror and in
fi - nal reign of right, It will merge in - to the
f
bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all; Wrong is
an - guish, Will not per - ish with our years, But the
splen-dours Of the Cit - y of the Light; It will
ril.
ban-ished from its bor - ders, Jus-tice reigns supreme o'er all.
work that we have build - ed Will not per-ish with our years.
merge in - to the splendours Of the Cit - y of the Light.

These Things Shall Be!

J. A. Symonds. Arr. from Schumann.

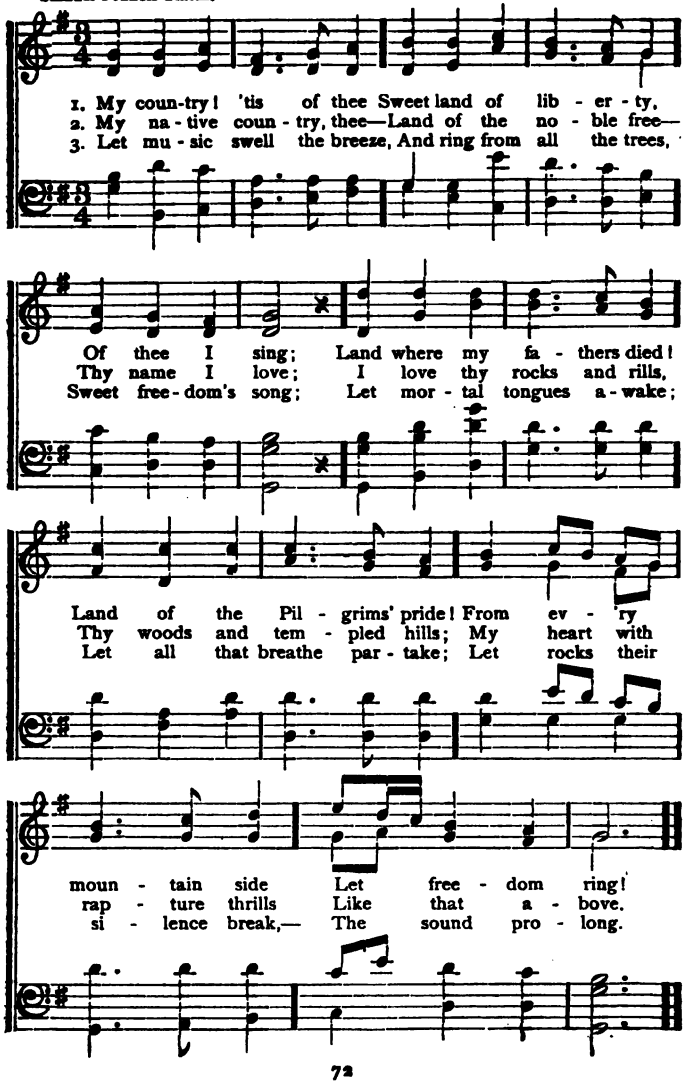

1. These things shall be! a lof - tier race Than
2. They shall be gen - tle, brave and strong, To
3. Na - tion with na - tion, land with land, Un-
4. New hearts shall bloom of lof - tier mould And
5. These things— they are no dreams—shall be For
e'er the world hath known, shall rise With flow'r of free - dom
spill no drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's
arm'd shall live as com-rades free; In ev - 'ry heart and
might - ier mu - sic thrill the skies, And ev. 'ry life shall
hap - pier men when we are gone: Those gold-en days for
in their souls, And light of sci - ence in their eyes.
lord - ship firm, On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
brain shall throb The pulse of one fra - ter - ni - ty.
be a song, When all the earth is par - a - dise.
them shall dawn, Tran-scend-ing aught we gaze up - on.

"O, Beautiful, My Country!"

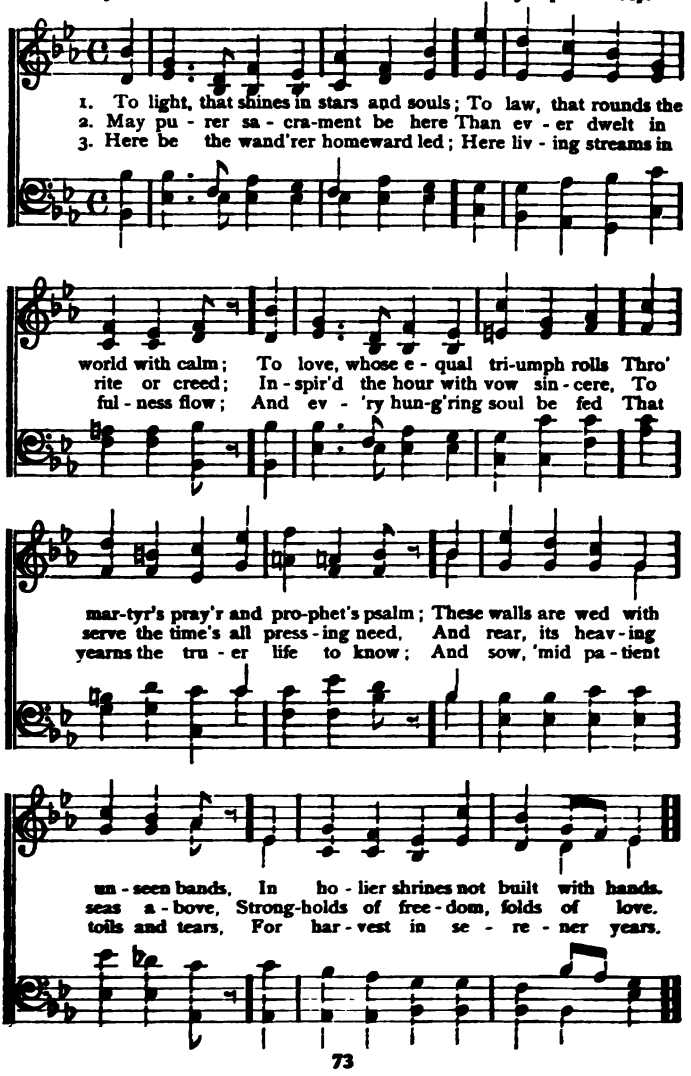
Frederick L. Hosmer. A. Ewing.

1. "O, beau-ti-ful, my coun-try!" Be thine a no-bler care
2. For thee our fa-thers suf-fer'd; For thee they toil'd and pray'd;
3. O, beau-ti-ful our coun-try! 'Round thee in love we draw;
Than all thy wealth of commerce Thy harvests waving fair;
Up-on thy ho-ly al-tar Their willing lives they laid;
Thine be the grace of free-dom, The ma-jes-ty of law,
Be it thy pride to lift up The manhood of the poor;
Thou hast no common birth-right, Grand memories on thee shine,
Be righteousness thy scep-ter, Just-ice thy di-a-dem;
Be thou to the op-press-ed Fair freedom's o-pen door.
The blood of pil-grim na-tions Commingled flows in thine.
And on thy shin-ing fore-head Be Peace the crowning gem!

My Country! 'Tis Of Thee.

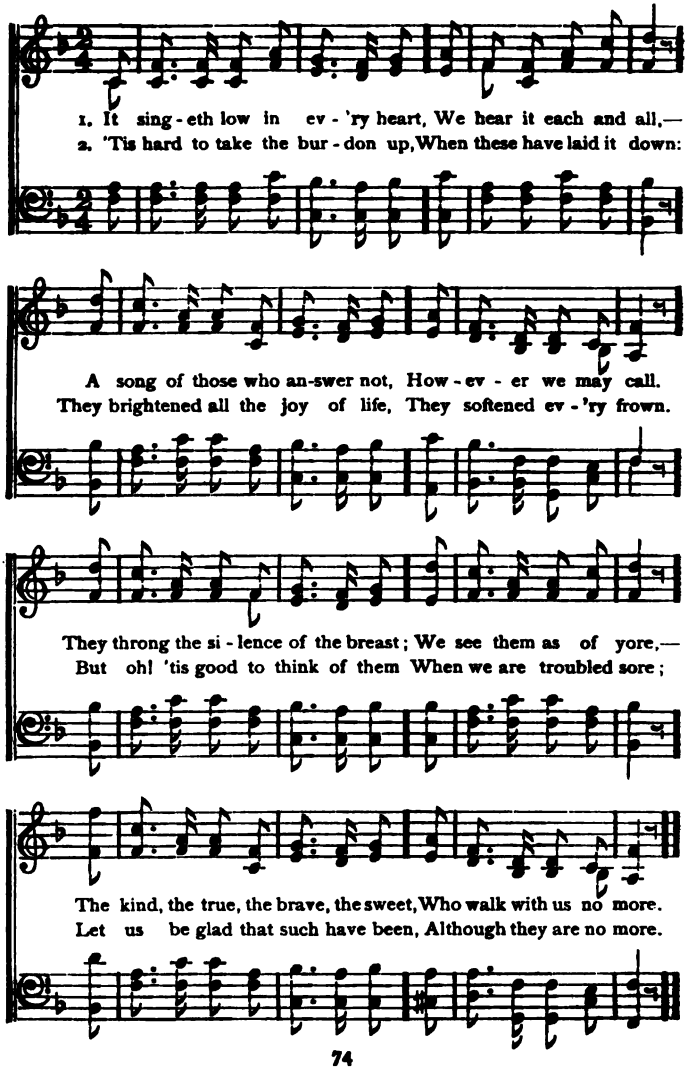
Samuel Francis Smith.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died!
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake;
Land of the Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with
Let all that breathe par - take; Let rocks their
moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
si - lence break,— The sound pro - long.

Dedication.

Samuel Johnson. E. Josephine Troup.

1. To light, that shines in stars and souls; To law, that rounds the
2. May pu - rer sa - cra-ment be here Than ev - er dwelt in
3. Here be the wand'rer homeward led; Here liv - ing streams in
world with calm; To love, whose e - qual tri-umph rolls Thro'
rite or creed; In - spir'd the hour with vow sin - cere, To
ful - ness flow; And ev - 'ry hun-g'ring soul be fed That
mar-tyr's pray'r and pro-phet's psalm; These walls are wed with
serve the time's all press - ing need, And rear, its heav - ing
yearns the tru - er life to know; And sow, 'mid pa - tient
un - seen hands, In ho - lier shrines not built with hands.
seas a - bove, Strong-holds of free - dom, folds of love.
toils and tears, For har - vest in se - re - ner years.

The Departed.

J. W. Chadwick. Altered. Auld Lang Syne.

1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each and all,—
2. 'Tis hard to take the bur - don up, When these have laid it down:
A song of those who an-swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
They brightened all the joy of life, They softened ev - 'ry frown.
They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,—
But oh! 'tis good to think of them When we are troubled sore;
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
Let us be glad that such have been, Although they are no more.

Closing Words

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers,
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours." [62]

"Vice it is possible to find in abundance and with ease; for the way to it is smooth and near. But before the temple of Virtue the immortal Gods have placed labour, and the way to it is long and steep, and at the commencement rough; but when the traveler has arrived at the summit, it then becomes easy, however difficult it was at first." [63] May we take the long, steep way, and reach the shining heights at last!

"Let this, and every dawn of morning, be to you as the beginning of life; and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up, by Art, by Thought, and by Just Will, an Ecclesia, of which it shall not be said, 'See what manner of stones are here,' but, 'See what maner of men.' " [64]

"The blind and cowardly spirit of evil is forever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them. And if you believe these things, you will find some day, to your cost, that they are untrue. Therefore, I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and

know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them." [65]

"The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free." [66]

"With wider view comes loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!" [67]

"Weave in, weave in, my hardy life,
Weave yet a soldier strong and full, for great campaigns to come;
Weave in red blood! weave sinews in, like ropes! the senses, sight weave in!
Weave lasting sure! weave day and night the weft, the warp, incessant weave! tire not!
(We know not what the use, O life, nor know the aim, the end, nor really aught we know;
But know the work, the need goes on and shall go on, the death-envelop'd march of peace as well as war goes on;)
For great campaigns of peace the same, the wiry threads to weave;
We know not why or what, yet weave, forever weave." [68]

"And, oh, when nature sinks as oft she may
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward.
Still in the soul to admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,
Great is the glory, for the stife is hard." [69]

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." [70]

In the love of liberty let us go forth from these walls, resolved to keep our land a land of liberty, to continue this priceless privilege to ourselves and our children forever more!

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power." [71]

"This above all: To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man." [72]

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But vaster." [73]

"I love the Right; Truth is beautiful within and without, for ever more. Virtue, I am thine; save me; use me; thee will I serve day and night, in great, in small, that I may be not virtuous, but virtue." [74]

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." [75]

"We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—Hope for the dead." [76]

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win." [77]

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues." [78]

"O that my lot might lead me in the path of holy innocence of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain—laws which in the highest heaven had their birth, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep." [79]

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live." [80]

Authors Quoted

1 C. C. Everett.
2 Emerson.
3 Bishop Wilson.
4 After Confucius.
5 Epictetus.
6 St. Francis de Sales.
7 Plato.
8 Confucius.
9 Bishop Ker (altered).
10 Pythagoras (altered).
11 Phillips Brooks.
12 Emerson.
13 Emerson.
14 Chinese author.
15 Wordsworth.
16 Shakspere.
17 Jesus.
18 Isaiah.
19 Maeterlinck.
20 Emerson.
21 A. H. Clough.
21a Socrates.
22
23 Sir Wm. Temple.
24 George Eliot.
25 Matthew Arnold.
26 Dhammapada.
27 Walt Whitman.
28
29 Plato.
30 George Eliot.
31 Ibsen.
32 Emerson.
33 Matthew Arnold.
34 Maeterlinck.
35 John Henry Newman.
36 John Henry Newman.
37 Proverbs (O. T.).
38 Lao-tze.
39 Lao-tze.
40 Stopford Brooke.
41 Channing.
42 Olive Schreiner.
43 R. G. Ingersoll.
44 Emerson.
45 Tolstoy.
46 Richard Baxter.
47 Chinese author.
48 Matthew Arnold.
49 Huxley.
50 W. C. Gannett.
51 Ps. CXXXIX, 23.
52 Leviticus XIX, 34.
53 Menander.
54 Talmud.
55 H. W. Beecher.
56 George Eliot.
57 Adapted from the Zend Avesta.
58 Adapted (in part) from Job.
59 Adapted (in part) from St. Francis of Assisi's "Canticle of the Sun."

60 Adapted (in part) from "A General Thanksgiving," in *Alone to the Alone* (ed. by Frances Power Cobbe).
61 Suggestions from the O. T. and N. T. are incorporated here.
62 Emerson.
63 Hesiod.
64 Ruskin.
65 Ruskin.
66 Carlyle.
67 Samuel Longfellow.
68 Walt Whitman.
69 Wordsworth.
70
71 Tennyson.
72 Shakspere.
73 Tennyson.
74 Emerson.
75 Isaiah.
76 R. G. Ingersoll.
77 Frances Anne Kemble.
78 George Eliot.
79 Sophocles.
80 Matthew Arnold.

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